

Contemporary Review

incorporating THE FORTNIGHTLY

AUGUST 1960

G. P. GOOCH

C. V. WEDGWOOD

AT HOME

I Ombudsman?

IRIS CAPELL

II TV Trends

SIMON KESTER

III School Administrative Reform

LYNDON H. JONES

ABROAD

I France, Algeria & the Communauté

W. L. MIDDLETON

II The Portugal of Salazar

HUMBERTO DELGADO

III Venezuela: Iran of America

ORLANDO MARTINEZ

IV A New U.S. Labour Law

WILLIAM E. GORDON

LITERATURE

A Public School's Boys-of-Letters

NORMAN BENTWICH

HISTORY

I Tercentennial-Defoe

DERYCK ABEL & DAVID GOLDBLATT

II Lacordaire-II

G. P. GOOCH

THE MONTH IN VISION

DOMINIC LE FOE

TRAVEL

Changing Athens

THOMAS ANTHEM

MYSTERY

An Elizabethan Enigma

FRANCIS GRIERSON

NATURE

What is Bird Anting?

DAVID GUNSTON

POEMS

Beryl Kaye

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August 1960

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G. P. GOOCH

C. V. WEDGWOOD

"**G**IVE me liberty to know, to utter and to argue freely, according to conscience above all other liberties." The resounding words from Milton form the epigraph to the autobiography which Dr. G. P. Gooch published two years ago, with the title *Under Six Reigns*. What a grand book that is and what a tonic for all of us who belong to the troubled and irresolute generations which have succeeded the Victorian era! Those vivid pages contained the quintessence of the qualities which shine through all the works of Dr. Gooch in contemporary or more ancient history. Here was the sanity, the public spirit, the generosity we had come to know and value so much. The very reticence of his account—so different from the stridently personal note now more usual in autobiography—revealed the quiet unselfishness characteristic of the author.

I have quoted the epigraph which he chose for his most personal book because it contains the three ideas which are paramount in his work as an historian, and which also convey the spirit of THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW. Liberty, argument, conscience; liberty, in recent years so much

Continued

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THE COMMONWEALTH OF THE FREE WORLD

ROGER FULFORD on BEN TILLET

ARTHUR SELDON on HAYEK ON LIBERTY

traduced and cried down, is the central idea of all healthy political life; argument—that is the power to use the reason freely—is the life blood of the intellect without which there can be no right understanding or sane judgment; and lastly conscience the measuring rod of a strong moral sense to direct the uses of liberty and reason.

In his autobiography Dr. Gooch also tells us that he is “satisfied to have been born in mid-Victorian England, the golden age of the middle classes, and to have lived far into the century of the common man.” That sentence shows the other dominant characteristic of his way of thinking: his unshaken faith in the living world about him. In spite of two gigantic wars which destroyed hope of international peace, in spite of the unparalleled savagery which invaded great tracts of political life in our century, in spite of the dictatorships which made a mock of modern democracy, and the social and moral revolutions which have threatened the liberal values, he has kept his faith in life and in individuals. He has kept his faith not out of mere optimism; he has not withdrawn from the world in order to cultivate his ideals; on the contrary, he has keenly followed and clearly understood the politics of his time. It is this mingling of clear-sightedness with an unchanging moral firmness which has made him seem such a tower of strength to younger generations. We have never found in him that melancholy tendency to lament the passing away of better times. He has looked forward as well as backward, as the true historian should. He has watched the stream of twentieth century life, seeking always to understand, but not to condone, the evil in it; to perceive the good, and there has been much good; to gather from passing events knowledge, and the power to make sane judgments, and so to assess justly the events and people (especially the people) in our disillusioning, disappointing, necessarily imperfect, but continuously interesting world.

His first book was published in 1898—62 years ago—and from then until now his contribution to English intellectual life has been this steady sanity, this firm balanced judgment. The term “balanced judgment” is sometimes taken to mean the ability to see two sides of a question. This ability is a considerable intellectual virtue, but it can be abused. There can be too much liberal-minded understanding and the exercise of tolerance can be carried so far that moral distinctions vanish, and the darkest black is misleadingly represented as only a sort of dull grey. Dr. Gooch has never fallen into this error. Though tolerant and understanding, he never lowers his moral standards. Conscience plays its part in the writing of history. In this respect he, more than any other English historian, carries out the precept of Lord Acton to whose influence and example he owes so much. “The inflexible integrity of the moral code is to me the secret of the authority, the dignity and the nobility of history,” said Lord Acton in his great inaugural. The words have been a guiding light for the history that Dr. Gooch has written.

For him, moreover, history embraces both the present and the past. The contemporary world, and the centuries which go before it, have the same living qualities to him. Thus his treatment of the past is alive because it is linked to the present by a continuous flow of human life and human

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thought; and his treatment of the present has a depth and perspective gained from his knowledge of the past.

A writing life of over 60 years is something rare indeed. In 1898 Dr. Gooch at 25 published his earliest work on *English Democratic Ideas in the Seventeenth Century*. Since he wrote this lively and illuminating essay a whole library of controversial scholarship has accumulated about this topic. But his early work still holds its own. Now, in this summer of 1960, Dr. Gooch publishes a volume on *The Second Empire* in which he gives a just assessment of that most complex and strange of men, the Emperor Napoleon III; there is no trace in the 300 pages of this latest book of flagging energy or failing interest.

Were I to attempt an account of his many books covering European history from the seventeenth century to the present day, not to mention the lectures, articles and reviews which lie between the first book of 1898 and the latest of 1960, I would have space for no more than a catalogue. My own favourites among this varied collection are those which describe the personalities and problems of some of the greatest figures of the eighteenth century. Making perceptive use of letters, diaries and memoirs Dr. Gooch has drawn memorable portraits of Frederick the Great, Catherine the Great, Maria Theresa, Louis XV; he shows always how private character and public duties interact upon each other, and how the epoch at once shapes and is shaped by its dominant personalities. A good European, Dr. Gooch is equally at home in France, Germany, Austria and England, and he has a sharp eye, which the years have not dimmed, for extracting the essentials from a political situation. In another field, his massive *History and Historians in the Nineteenth Century*, revised in 1952, is a standard work and a manual of permanent usefulness on a great and crowded century of development in the art and craft of history. But whether he is writing of past politics and personalities, or elucidating the historian's craft, or commenting on the modern world, he has always the same clarity of presentation, the same freedom from delusions.

Rich and various as is the achievement of Dr. Gooch, now garnered into so many volumes, those of us who have been privileged to enjoy his friendship would find it hard to think of his books without also thinking of him. The firm sound of his voice, with its undertones of affection and humour, seems to be audible behind the printed words. His life and his writing are perfectly consistent with each other, and I think one could deduce from the manner of his writing the qualities of generosity, kindly good sense, firmness and clear understanding which he also brings to human relations.

He has always been liberal with encouragement to younger practitioners of the craft of history. Soon after the publication of my first book I was bidden to tea at his large and friendly house on Campden Hill—not far from where Macaulay had once lived. While I made a hearty meal of muffins, for it was a winter day, we talked of the seventeenth century. From the walls, where they were not covered with books, portraits of great men looked down. I went away carrying a number of precious German volumes for I was just starting my book on the Thirty Years War. There was about that room an atmosphere at once learned and homely; it had a

feeling of ease and tranquillity about it although it was a sanctum for long and earnest work.

I think it was on my second visit that another guest was also asked. This was Professor Veit Valentin, that great scholar and historian of the Revolution of 1848, who had lost his position in Reichsarchiv at Potsdam because the Nazis held him to be "politically unreliable". Dr. Gooch made him specially welcome and as he introduced me used some phrase to indicate his special respect for the courage with which Professor Valentin (like other good men in that evil time) was meeting his undeserved misfortunes: "this dear, brave man," I think it was. Professor Valentin, still warmly shaking his host's hand, said: "No, I am not brave. But I am lucky. Look what a good friend I have." He was not the only exile at that time who knew himself to be blessed in having Dr. Gooch for a friend and who leaned on him for strength and reassurance.

His kindness was shown in many ways; in lending books, in giving them a platform for their ideas in *THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW*, in introducing them to English friends and helping them to make for themselves a new life in a strange land. Most of all, perhaps, he helped them by the feeling that he must have given them that liberal standards and moral values could still be upheld and protected in catastrophic times.

So once again I find that, in trying to express the gratitude that all his friends and readers feel for Dr. Gooch, I return to the central values for which he stands, to liberty, reason and conscience. These values are not isolated abstracts; as an historian Dr. Gooch sees them in operation, he sees them made manifest through individuals. "Conscience is older than any existing Church or creed," he wrote in his autobiography, indicating that the moral sanctions are something inborn in man. A few sentences later he wrote: "I have known too many noble and helpful people of widely differing faiths in my own and other lands—to say nothing of the saints and sages of the past—ever to despair of mankind. I anticipate a marked improvement of human nature as little as a mass retrogression." This is a statement of his faith in the persistence of goodness in the world. There will be bad men and bad things as there always have been, but there will also be the noble and helpful. As an historian, as an editor, as a friend, in his public statements and private conversations, Dr. Gooch has always upheld the ideals towards which the best men continue to strive. It is a great and lasting service in which he has never failed. *Edel, hilfreich und gut*—the poetic German words which he echoed in the passage I have just quoted can indeed be rightly applied to him.

AT HOME—

OMBUDSMAN?

IRIS CAPELL

WE often talk about the Welfare State as though it provided everything—and perhaps more than everything—that the citizen needs in life; as though its enormous umbrella protected us from birth to burial against all possible hazards. But now and then one realizes that the umbrella has holes in it. The Englishman may be protected against poverty, ill-health, and a miserable old age, but not against injustice, especially that caused by maladministration. The familiar and childish cry—"It's not fair!"—can still be heard, not so much over matters of employment and wage-rates, which can be dealt with by Trade Unions, but over housing and rating, over the activities of Tribunals, and over the inexplicable or high-handed decisions of officials, both local and national.

The man whose house is to be demolished to build a new road, and who is offered only derisory compensation for the loss, not only of his home but of the newsagent business he ran there, certainly feels that he is a victim of injustice. So does the widow who sells her land to the Urban Council at less than its market value because it tells her that unless she does so it will requisition it; and who then sees her land sold to a speculator, and sold again, at four times the price she had received. In many cases it is not easy for the man with a grievance to find out whether the official concerned has in fact any right to do what he is doing; and this adds to the feeling of frustration and injustice.

This is no new problem, but it has come to the fore in the last few years mainly because of two developments in our constitution; the increase in the practice of government by ministerial regulation, and the growth of Tribunals.

The law does not tell me where I may park my car; it merely says I must avoid obstruction, and defines—though somewhat differently at different times—what constitutes obstruction. But the law also gives the Minister the convenient right of making regulations to limit parking or to forbid it in certain places. I cannot readily tell which of these regulations is in accordance with the law; I can only gape with horror at a Minister (Mr. Marples) who gaily admits that one of his regulations—the Pink Zone in London last Christmas—was a gigantic piece of bluff and could not have been enforced.

In quite different cases, such as the requisitioning of land, or the appointment of members of Regional Hospital Boards, we find the Minister legally obliged to hold a public enquiry, or to seek the advice of professional bodies, without any obligation upon him to abide by the result of the enquiry or to follow the advice he is given. Too frequently, a public enquiry into what appears to be scandalous or high-handed action on the part of officials is conducted by staff of the Ministry concerned, and the final decision is taken by the Minister himself—judge in his own case.

We became accustomed in wartime to Tribunals for Conscientious Objectors, and for queries arising under the Rent Acts; but since then

they have proliferated. There are some 35 categories of Tribunals, and they are concerned not only with National Insurance and Industrial Injuries, but with Independent Schools, Agriculture, Military Service, Family Allowances, and even Patents, Trade Marks, and something mysteriously called Milk (Special Designation) Regulations. There is no uniformity about their membership or procedure, and very often there is no appeal from their decisions except to a Court of Law.

The Franks Committee, which reported on Administrative Tribunals in 1957, recommended the setting-up of a permanent Council on Tribunals, to review and report on their constitution and methods, and this is now in being; so that Tribunals must now be accepted as a normal part of British life. Many of their decisions are of the type which a citizen may consider unfair to him; but the Council on Tribunals, as its Chairman has pointed out in a broadcast, does not and cannot act as a Court of Appeal from such decisions.

Do we need, therefore, some person or body to whom we can go with our complaints, who has the power to investigate them and, if they are justified, can take some action to right the wrong? At present we have, besides the Law Courts, several possible "protectors". The Press may take up a case, if it gives promise of sufficient sensation; but may drop it long before justice has been secured. A Member may ask a question in Parliament; but although personal grievance cases crop up about 150 times in a Parliamentary year, it is not often that the complainant—or indeed his M.P.—is satisfied with the answer he gets.

The societies devoted to freedom, such as the National Council for Civil Liberties and the Society for Individual Freedom, can sometimes help by giving publicity to a case and by preparing Private Members' Bills; and the Citizens' Advice Bureaux are always ready with well-documented information and advice, especially in the legal sphere. But none of these organisations has the power which is wielded in Scandinavia by the "Grievance Man", or "People's Tribune", or "Parliamentary Commissioner", known in those countries as the Ombudsman.

Denmark, Sweden and Finland have different constitutions, and in each the Ombudsman has slightly different powers. He has existed in Sweden since 1809, in Denmark since 1954, and Norway expects to have one by the end of this year. In each country he is appointed by Parliament for a term of years, and makes to it an annual report of all cases he has dealt with, which is published. He can investigate any complaint against the Administration, either at the instance of a citizen or on his own initiative, and has access to all Ministerial files and documents. Except in Sweden, he cannot prosecute anyone, nor can he order official action to be taken or rescinded. He can call for explanations from officials who appear to have acted incorrectly, and then recommends to Parliament the action he thinks should be taken. He is held in such high esteem that his recommendations are accepted, even when they involve severe criticism of a Government Department.

This quality of public esteem is of course the most important attribute for anyone holding this office. He must be a person of the highest integrity

and impartiality, so that he can get and keep the co-operation of the Civil Service in his investigations. In Denmark, when he was first appointed he met with considerable opposition from some officials; but this melted away when it was found that in about nine hundred of the thousand cases a year handled by him, he did in fact show that the administrative action had been justifiable.

The Ombudsman must not only be known to and respected by practically everyone, but must also be accessible to all, even if this exposes him to cranks and lunatics. The confidence which the public needs to feel in him would go if he became the remote head of a department instead of being an individual on whom they can call. It may be easier to find such a man in a small country whose eminent figures are familiar to everyone, than it would be in England. Moreover, in this country we should certainly need more than one Tribune, or Commissioner, or whatever we decided to call him. We might need to appoint one for each branch of public administration (Ministries, National Health Service, Nationalized Industries, Local Authorities, and so on) or, since the lines of demarcation between one authority and another are so confusing, it might be best to have Regional Tribunes. If you find a strange man driving stakes into your meadow where (he tells you) the new road is to run, you will want to go direct to your nearest Ombudsman, rather than attempt to find out which Ministry is responsible for the outrage.

Some lawyers believe that it would be difficult and perhaps impossible to give a British Ombudsman the same powers that he has in Scandinavia. They think that, although he could usefully act as the recipient of complaints, he should then hand the case over to a High Court Judge, who would call for the documents and the explanations he required. A report on the case would be made to the Ombudsman, who would then make his recommendation to Parliament. To the lay mind, this sounds like a very lengthy procedure, and it might limit the trust that complainants ought to have in their "Grievance Man".

Speed is very important in dealing with cases of complaint against officials, and that brings up another difficulty that might be encountered in this country. Would any Government be prepared to give enough Parliamentary time, at the right moments, to hear and to act upon the Ombudsman's reports? Action might involve anything from reprimanding an official to making alterations in administrative directives of long standing; and a cynic might think that recent Governments would be more likely to put aside such uncomfortable matters, or subject them to long delay, or even to appoint a Royal Commission on them rather than to take immediate and drastic action.

At this moment a committee under Sir John Whyatt, set up by *Justice*, the all-party association of lawyers, is working to find out how complaints against the administration arise, and what machinery exists for dealing with them. The Prime Minister, in answer to a question as to whether he would appoint "a Parliamentary Commissioner on the Scandinavian model", has replied that he will wait until the report by *Justice* is available. It is expected early next year.

The Danish Ombudsman, Professor Stefan Hurwitz, came to this country last April, and it is clear that his visit awakened a tremendous interest in his office. A number of political and other groups in this country have expressed their wish to have an Ombudsman here; and out of over one hundred Press references and articles on Prof. Hurwitz's visit, only two were against the idea. And one has only to explain, to any audience, just what an Ombudsman is and does, to elicit a stream of personal instances in which a British Ombudsman could have corrected an injustice.

A great deal of this interest is emotional, self-centred, and founded on wishful thinking. It is hard to make people realize how much there is that an Ombudsman could not do, and how often the administration is within its rights. But behind the selfishness and the personal application there is something more fundamental and more valuable.

We have always been proud, in this country, of our system of justice and legal rights; of the incorruptibility of our judges and the slow but sure efficiency of our Civil Service; but lately we have begun to wonder whether or not something has gone wrong. Too many cases are reported in which the citizen has been victimized, consciously or unconsciously, by someone in an official position. We want this stopped. We believe that the establishment of a British equivalent of the Ombudsman would stop it, and we hope that the recommendations of Sir John Whyatt's committee will be so strongly in favour of this that the Government will be obliged to take the necessary action.

THE QUEEN BEE

She threads the sacred effigies of bees
Through pearls of wax, not knowing the golden age
With honey weeping from the boles of trees
Lives only in the shadows of her cage.
Where flowers are patterns of scent that curl and eddy
Along the travelling legions of her body.
This dark Persephone of the honeycombs,
Of summer's bread and wine and broken tombs,
Telling her living beads, stands sovereign over
Deflowered orchards and the ghosts of clover.

BERYL KAYE

TELEVISION TRENDS

SIMON KESTER

ANY reasonable assessment of changes in the popularity of television programmes has always been bedevilled by the absence of universally accepted criteria of measurement. A startling trend is, nevertheless, revealed in the recent figures published by Television Audience Measurement (T.A.M. for short). They indicate a decline since last October of some six per cent—from 72 per cent to 66 per cent—in the size of the total multi-channel audience preferring commercial television. During the same period, the number of homes equipped with multi-channel T.V. sets rose by nearly two millions. This will no doubt create a measure of alarm amongst the contractors whose advertising rates are presumably governed by the same distributive factors as any other commercial medium. What has caused this minor revolution in viewing? Is it a temporary victory for the B.B.C., or does it represent a more sinister development, such as a growing preference for more serious programmes? It is of little value to compare figures supplied by I.T.V. and the B.B.C. denoting the proportion of time given to serious material, since neither appears to accept the other's definition of "serious".

An independent analysis made by P.E.P. of the contents of television programmes over two years ago, reveals that in a particular week, out of a total of 57 hours 30 minutes, the B.B.C. provided nine hours 10 minutes of documentary against an average of two hours on I.T.V. channels, whereas I.T.V. had a preponderance of approximately 10 hours against the B.B.C.'s seven in light entertainment. I.T.V. was heavier in quiz programmes and feature films (none in that week on B.B.C., an average of 3½ hours on I.T.V. channels). Surprisingly, I.T.V. devoted more time to schools broadcasts than the B.B.C., a lead it has done its best to maintain.

The current swing of television viewing towards the B.B.C. probably represents a gentle pendulum movement favouring informational and cultural programmes, after the surfeit of high jinx entertainment and quiz shows provided in the initial flush of commercial T.V.

Looking back on the pattern of development since the inception of commercial television, one is struck by an apparent attempt initially by the B.B.C. to compete with its adversaries upon the latter's terms. In October, 1955, with I.T.V. barely on the air, the *TV Times* read like a universal hotch-potch of programmes, in comparison with established series like "What's My Line?", "Animal, Vegetable, Mineral" and "Meet Jeanne Heal" listed in the more respectable-looking *Radio Times*. It was not long before the B.B.C. seemed to be matching I.T.V. programme for programme, though not necessarily hour by hour. Westerns and Rock 'n Roll became common ground. The B.B.C. even began offering prizes—and still does, in its "Get Ahead" programme, sponsored by the *News Chronicle*, providing that newspaper with a form of indirect advertising specifically forbidden to I.T.V. companies by the Television Act. The tone of B.B.C. documentaries and news features became more controversial. Indeed the Corporation in time bought over an occasional personality, and in some respects beat its competitors at their own game. "Panorama", for example,

has made enormous strides since the adoption of Robin Day and Ludovic Kennedy from I.T.N. and "This Week" respectively. Curiously enough the present Controller of B.B.C. television programmes, Kenneth Adam, was in October, 1955, chairman of Associated Television's first controversial programme, "Free Speech". It looked as though a modicum of sensationalism had carried over into the B.B.C.'s hitherto formalized style of presentation.

Perhaps sensationalism is no longer the right word, even when applied to I.T.V. Although many a programme has intruded into the private lives of bewildered interviewees, this practice has itself been overhauled by a studied avoidance of aggressive and embarrassing interrogation. The trend has been to get away from shock tactics in whatever kind of programme. The latest idol of interviewers, the B.B.C.'s John Freeman, is persistent, penetrating and provocative, but never comes within a mile of rudeness. I.T.V. has likewise been gaining a reputation for balanced reportage, which now relies much more on depth interviews for its impact. The policy of capturing audiences and holding them at any price (within the limits imposed by statute) has been abandoned, the novelty having worn off. Producers in both camps have now had bestowed upon them a series of directives on the elimination of elements of horror, violence and the like in their programmes.

There is ample evidence that the Independent Contractors are alive to the lead which the B.B.C. has been developing in the provision of programmes catering for the more intelligent viewer. Granada has appointed Sir Gerald Barry as Head of Educational Projects. The same Company has launched an investigation series on social and topical affairs under the apt title of "Searchlight". It has also instituted the Granada Lectures in conjunction with the British Association, bringing to the screen prominent scientists like Sir Edward Appleton and Sir Eric Ashby. Associated Rediffusion initiated television programmes for schools in May, 1957, and now reports over 1,000 schools on its mailing list for teachers' notes and literature. Associated Television has presented programmes on Architecture and Painting with Sir Kenneth Clark, and a series of filmed surveys of emergent African countries. A.B.C. regularly screens its fortnightly "Bookman" programme, of which the writer was its first host, and has instituted Sunday religious broadcasts with "Living Your Life" and "The Sunday Break". Scottish Television claims to have established a new television genre with "This Wonderful World", a miscellany of outstanding events in human experience that have been recorded on film, presented by John Grierson. The dramatized documentary, often in serial form such as "Emergency Ward 10", "Dixon of Dock Green" and "Probation Officer", has found growing favour both in I.T.V. and B.B.C., and there is every indication that output of this kind of programme will be stepped up.

The next few years will, therefore, doubtless see an increase in the amount of time devoted on both channels to serious programmes, whatever definition one may adopt, particularly as more viewing hours are granted by the Postmaster-General. *The Stage*, the professional weekly paper read by those employed in the theatre and television, recently published a special

supplement on "The Serious Programme", in which the Heads of I.T.V. Companies vied with the B.B.C. and with each other in outlining their plans in this field. Paul Adorian, Managing Director of Associated Rediffusion, said: "Programme planners today, whether Independent Television or in the B.B.C., have a tendency, in my opinion, to underestimate the popularity among the viewing public of serious documentary productions, including slices of recent history taken from newsreels. If an additional programme channel were available—even if shared between B.B.C. and Independent Television—much more could be done in providing serious programmes." Gerald Beadle, Director of B.B.C.-T.V., addressing the British Radio Equipment Manufacturers' Association recently, said: "I foresee a big increase in great plays, great films, the ballet, opera, music and the other Arts. I foresee fuller use of our world-wide news service. I foresee more science, more of all those kinds of programmes which stimulate interests and wider horizons."

Although I.T.V. and B.B.C. are watchful of each other's successes, I doubt whether either group seriously attempts to forestall the other in the selection of individual programmes. Kenneth Adam, Controller of B.B.C. programmes, tells me he has no idea what is on the other channel till he sees the evening paper. This implies he is even further away from studying the *TV Times*, and may perhaps be taken with a spoonful of salt. Programme planning would, nevertheless, be too nebulous an affair if either side laid too much store by what the other were doing. As it is, the initial chaos in the administration of I.T.V. companies having been overcome, the independent contractors have settled down to a more organized and "independent" way of thinking.

There is a discernible movement towards greater stability and professionalism, a desire to prune and limit, to specialise. The contractors seem to have found a mutually satisfactory way of dividing up the work amongst themselves, a process facilitated by a series of networking agreements. A.B.C. concentrates mostly on drama ("Armchair Theatre"), A.T.V. on variety (Spectaculars and "Sunday Night at the Palladium"), Granada and A.R.-T.V. the more serious topical and educational feature programmes. The increasing use of video-tape and the employment of a whole host of new skills and equipment have all tended towards a commensurate improvement in the standards of production. Improvement often involves simplification. For example, if Russ Conway's piano technique had been discovered three or four years ago, the B.B.C. would probably have thought it imperative to clutter him up with a horde of supporting artistes and a profusion of studio sets. Instead they have concentrated with great success on portraying the individual performer. A change, too, can be detected in the function of producers themselves. Whereas they have until now been regarded as the showmen of the medium, there has been a growing tendency for companies to draw upon outsiders who have specialized knowledge rather than flair for presentation, this becoming increasingly the responsibility of technically proficient directors.

This process of settling down has manifested itself in the self-reliance which regional I.T.V. stations have displayed in launching an increasing

volume of their own programmes, in both serious and light entertainment categories. They are not obliged to originate more than 15 per cent of their total programme time. In fact they have taken up the challenge with zeal, and aim at nothing less than having their local programmes networked. This activity on the part of the I.T.V. contractors has prompted the B.B.C. to take counter-measures, with the result that the Corporation has been opening new studios in the provinces.

How to sum up? Nothing here has been said about colour or three-dimensional television, international T.V. links, and new medical and scientific uses for the medium. To prophesy with certainty more than a year or two ahead is difficult. Such is the speed of change. All that is certain is what has happened. The first round of the fight between the B.B.C. and the Independent Contractors is over, and the second has begun. The battle for the minority viewer is on. It will not be fully resolved until the Government has made up its mind what to do with the Third Channel. No one can deny, however, that I.T.V. is a better candidate than it was even two years ago. Nor can anyone deny that an increasing proportion of British viewers has become wise to T.V. It is rumoured indeed that some of them occasionally read a book instead.

THE SWAN AT DUSK

Across the intent dark water the pale swan
 Enfurled, oblivious, floats slowly on,
 Through leaves inverted in a sky obscure
 Beneath the thick-fledged trees that close immature
 The sliding river; and, as blurred by sleep,
 Its outlines quiver in the twilight's deep
 And fluid smoothness, dimming, flattening
 The carven artifice of neck and wing—
 A motionless shape on darkness drawn along
 By movements effortless and slow and strong.
 The pale shape glimmers, drifts, is slowly gone,
 But faintly printed where it dimly shone
 I see in mind those balanced curves—the arc
 Of neck, the wings half-folded, on the dark—
 The watchful dark of water and of trees—
 Fixed as though anchored in eternal ease,
 While the cold stealthy forces of the stream,
 Their surface polished by the last dull gleam
 Of withered light, their sedgy banks between,
 Proclaim it gone as though it had not been.
 Then why should this pale image float again
 Across the intenser twilight of the brain,
 Carried by currents subtler and more free
 Than those that must move onward to the sea ?
 Yet there it lingers, more than a known bird
 Of earth or air, but, pinioned by a word,
 Caught by the eye and shining in the press
 Of memory's thick stream of consciousness,
 It seems a signal beckoning: Follow on—
 I am the immortal, the undying swan.

MARY STELLA EDWARDS

SCHOOL ADMINISTRATIVE REFORM

LYNDON H. JONES

THE existing system of local government in England and Wales was established under Acts of 1888 and 1894. Yet since those dates there have been only two minor changes, despite the fact that even from the onset the position was unsatisfactory since historical, geographical counties rather than administratively rational areas were taken as the basis. Meanwhile there have developed great differences in the population, area and financial resources of counties and county boroughs. Suffice it to say that until a more rational structure evolves it is nonsense to allocate functions by local government categories. And nowhere is this more patently clear than in education, the service which constitutes the main charge on the rates.

From an administrative standpoint it appears that, in theory, at least 60,000 are required to plan a proper system of primary and secondary education, and a population of 100,000 is required to justify providing expensive buildings, equipment and staff for post-secondary technical education. Some counties, however, have smaller populations than 60,000, whilst some towns which are not L.E.A.'s have considerably greater populations. Empirically, much larger units are found to be preferable. This is particularly the case with further education, and efforts have had to be made to deal with the situation. These have resulted in the organization of Regional Advisory Councils and Regional Academic Boards. Whilst good work may have been done by such bodies, their machinery is complex in the extreme and the whole thing tends to be excessively elaborate.

Yet even if a more rational structure were recommended and established, following the investigation at present being undertaken by a Royal Commission, the question as to whether the education services should be left in the hands of the local authorities cannot be allowed to pass unchallenged. Because education is the main charge in the rates, many councils cannot be trusted to ensure that a satisfactory minimum service is provided, at least, not while people continue to pay their taxes in sorrow and the rates in anger. Accordingly, to ensure greater uniformity of standards than currently exists, as well as higher administrative standards, an alternative structure must be evolved. Some indication of the discrepancies meanwhile may be seen in secondary school places. In much of Wales about half the children go to Grammar Schools, whereas in other parts of the country the figure is as low as nine per cent. Similarly with expenditure. Of the six largest cities in England and Wales, Manchester tops the list for spending on primary education. Last year that city spent an average of £42.8 per pupil in its primary schools and a further 46s. for textbooks and class materials. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, in contrast, only spent £31.4 and 20s. respectively.

One possibility, the obvious one, would be to entrust the educational system to "the gentlemen in Whitehall". The growing demand that teachers' salaries should be paid by the State indicates that many would

prefer this to the continuation of the present system. For a variety of reasons, however, such a proposal would be far from welcome. For instance, if too much power were vested in the hands of the State, the pacemaking of the progressive L.E.A.'s (there are some!) would be lost. As to buildings, to judge from Scottish experience, we should almost certainly witness a growing sameness in our schools, indicative of a lack of imaginative briefing from educators and a want of fresh thinking. Then again, and this is the most powerful argument against over-centralized control, there is the opportunity which it affords to the too powerful Permanent Under-Secretary to impose his view on the country as a whole. Even under the present system, we have seen how the growth in a particular section of education, namely the technical field, can be stunted because of one man.

Clearly an alternative administrative structure is necessary if Charybdis, the setting of the education Plimsoll Line too low, is to be avoided, and if we are to elude the Scylla of over-centralization too.

The answer may well lie in the vesting of control for education in the hands of Regional Councils not elected by popular ballot—an administrative form similar to the University Grants Committee. The merits of a scheme for autonomous administrative areas, each able to plan for a period of five years or so ahead, without having to risk having its policies reversed annually because of the fickleness of an electorate, are all too patently clear. The competitive element would be retained. An educational pattern suitable for the needs of each area could be devised. Education would cease to be the cockpit of party politics. Skilled administrators and educationists would now formulate policy as distinct from the petty trade union officials, housewives and retired persons of the present system. Expenditure on capital account, on new buildings, and the like, would be better handled. Programmes of a reasonably comparable amount could be fixed from year to year over the ensuing lustrum, thereby avoiding the wide and costly fluctuations found annually between a multitude of small authorities.

Now is the time for reform.

AND ABROAD—

FRANCE, ALGERIA AND THE COMMUNAUTÉ

W. L. MIDDLETON

WHEN General de Gaulle made his declaration of June 14, inviting the F.L.N. to send a delegation to Paris to discuss the conditions of a cease-fire, the whole Algerian problem presented itself to the world in all its aspects. The immediate issue was a challenge to all the existing forces created or strengthened by six years of war—the Algiers ultras, the partisans of a “French Algeria” on both sides of the Mediterranean and the minority of the Army sympathizing with them, the extremists of the F.L.N., who had resigned themselves to a prolonged fight for independence. But the Algerian problem is intimately and indissolubly connected with other affairs of great concern for France. The evolution of the Communauté of the African States is linked with it. On the Algerian solution depends the future of the relations between France and Tunisia and Morocco and the Arab world. The position of France in U.N.O. is uncomfortable so long as there is no Algerian solution.

Since the declaration of September 16, 1959, in which General de Gaulle announced that the Algerians would themselves decide their political destiny, the leaders of the F.L.N. have repeatedly asked for guarantees that the principle of auto-determination would be applied in conditions of complete liberty. To every suggestion that a military cease-fire should be negotiated they have replied by insisting that the conditions of the referendum on the political status should be negotiated at the same time. In announcing their decision to send a delegation to France, the G.P.R.A. called attention to a communiqué they had issued on June 11, in which they had accused the French Government of refusing to negotiate guarantees and the conditions of application of auto-determination.

M. Boumendjel and another emissary of the F.L.N. spent several days at the Prefecture of Melun to arrange preliminaries for the coming of the delegation proper under the leadership of M. Ferhat Abbas. A laconic communiqué from the French Prime Minister's office stated that the emissaries had been informed of the conditions in which the pourparlers should be held with a view to finding an honourable end to the fighting, settle the destination of arms and determine what arrangements should be made for the combatants. A short comment of the French Press Agency softened the possibly discouraging effects of this announcement by pointing out that it did not signify a rupture and that it was thought likely that the G.P.R.A., after considering M. Boumendjel's report, would announce the coming of M. Ferhat Abbas and his delegation.

In accepting General de Gaulle's invitation to negotiate, the G.P.R.A. noted the more explicit terms in which it reaffirmed the principle of auto-determination. No doubt, also, the references in the declaration of June 14 to the “Algerian people” and “Algerian Algeria” touched the more amenable spirits among them. Even the term “directors of the insurrection” seemed an improvement on “external organization of the rebellion”, the more usual expression employed in French official statements. The F.L.N.

leaders perceived in the liberalism of the declaration the personal mark of General de Gaulle. It is to be noted that they decided to send a delegation "to meet General de Gaulle". Among Mussulman populations generally there remains an element of confidence in the President of the Republic which is not inspired by the French Ministers.

The prospect of negotiations necessarily provoked reactions among the sects and movements born of the war and of May 13. But the ultras of Algiers are not at the moment the ringleaders in the agitation against the enterprise of Gaullist liberalism. Algiers remained almost disquietingly quiet when the F.L.N. envoys went to Paris. Their relative withdrawal was no doubt a consequence of the failure of the open revolt of last January, but it also corresponds to a real shifting of the active centre of the "Algerie française" movement. The Algiers ultras are recruiting for it, but they seem to be seeking campaign instructions from the politicians in Paris who have gathered round M. Soustelle and M. Bidault, whom the vagaries of politics have thrown curiously together at this turn of affairs. This group is the true opposition in the present phase of Gaullism, jealous even of an approach to political negotiation on Algeria. M. Soustelle insists with relentless simplicity that there is no alternative between French Algeria and independence; what General de Gaulle calls Algerian Algeria could only lead to secession.

The present tendencies of opinion in the Army are less apparent than they were in the period immediately following May 13 two years ago. So many of the political Generals and Colonels have been removed to quieter or more distant posts that they cannot effectively display a revival of interest. But it is unlikely that the officers, whose careers make them take the professional military view, and for whom the F.L.N. is a beaten army, frittering gradually away to nothing, would look with favour on the treatment of their leaders as politically representative of the Mussulman populations. The attitude of the army, and perhaps once more that of its "activist" minority, will become important if a cease-fire is negotiated, for the period intervening between cease-fire and referendum will be critical.

If opposition has been provoked by the move towards negotiation, public opinion in France has also been stirred in a very different way. It has been evident for several months that the apathy which seemed to have stricken political feeling was at last disturbed. Above all, the referendum of 1958 had placed General de Gaulle in power to settle the Algerian problem. The declaration of last September on auto-determination had roused provincial crowds to acclaim the President of the Republic, who made one of his periodical tours soon afterwards. Much more significantly, an upsurge of opinion on a national scale supported General de Gaulle in his repression of the Algiers revolt of last January. Opinion in favour of peace has grown steadily stronger. It is a curious circumstance that the awakening has manifested itself, as far as peace in Algeria is concerned, through the trade unions and associations of students rather than in the normal way through campaigns of regular political parties. The principal organization of university students (U.N.E.F.), which has usually considered itself as non-political, deliberately chose to declare in favour of

negotiation with the F.L.N. This coming together of trade unions and students' organizations cannot by its nature become a permanent organization and usurp the functions of regular political parties. But the movement will flow into the orthodox parties. It will challenge them to adapt themselves to the evolution of opinion on the great issue of the day. In its early stages the war in Algeria was approved by popular opinion because it seemed necessary to protect the Europeans against outrage and terrorism. The necessity of protection is still felt, but it has been realized that the Algerian problem cannot be solved militarily.

After the inconclusive preliminaries at Melun, which offered no assurance that the Ferhat Abbas delegation would be able to discuss the capital question of guarantees for a genuine referendum in Algeria, the future of the negotiation itself seemed doubtful. It seemed clear, however, that the F.L.N. leaders were unwilling to take responsibility for a rupture. Moreover, M. Delouvrier, the Government Delegate in Algeria, who visited General de Gaulle during the Melun talks, said, on his return to Algiers, that the negotiations on the cease-fire would to some extent pass outside military limits into the area of politics, because they would deal with arrangements for combatants. This may have implied a readiness of General de Gaulle to make some concession to the preoccupations of the F.L.N., but it does not go to the length of accepting the F.L.N. as a body entitled to discuss the political future of Algeria with the French Government. In spite of amendment in the form of expression, the invitations to discuss a cease-fire have always restricted the limits of such a negotiation in practically the same terms. The answers given by the French delegates at Melun on these limitations, disappointing as they were to the F.L.N., were precisely the words used by the President of the Republic on June 14. There are extremists on both sides, and probably potential dissidents among executive leaders. Some F.L.N. leaders will hardly deprive themselves of the power they hold by the simple fact of fighting in the field, without an assurance of something more than promises that the Algerian referendum will be a genuine free choice. On the other hand, some observers doubt whether the authority of the President of the Republic will be enough to overcome the influences—some of them present within the Government—which do not endorse the liberalism of his policy. It has even been suggested that the ultimate negotiation will be between the President of the Republic and the Prime Minister's Office!

It remains a reassuring factor that a definitive movement towards peace has begun. The F.L.N. is being advised by the most diverse counsellors to pursue negotiation. It looks as if the discussion will be long and perhaps tortuous. General de Gaulle's proposed procedure for ending the war has always seemed to be too long. The cease-fire, once agreed upon, was to be followed by a period of settling down and reflection in Algeria. After such appeasement the Algerian populations would be ripe for the referendum. But General de Gaulle, always attracted by vast, slow constructions, saw the Algerian problem as requiring a generation for its settlement. The Constantine Plan for an economic development of Algeria, facilitated and partly financed by the exploitation of Saharan petrol, would be suited

to a country with well-established institutions and political serenity, but it was conceived, and even tentatively begun, in the torment of war. The four years between cease-fire and referendum might well be utilized by disturbing forces for something very different from appeasement.

It must count with the F.L.N. that many forces now active in Africa and in the world are reacting to the Algerian dispute. The G.P.R.A. affirms its belief that auto-determination will result in a vote of independence. Recent missions to Morocco, to Saudi Arabia, to China (where the welcome was almost embarrassingly warm), to the democratic republics of Vietnam and Korea, are declared to have been successful. It enjoys a good deal of diplomatic support at the U.N.O. The general African movement towards the emancipation of peoples is of very great importance to Algeria. And it so happens that the recent transformation in the French African Communauté has shown a remarkable evolution in French relations with that institution.

The Communauté is now to be, as General de Gaulle described it in his declaration of June 14, a "free and friendly association" of 11 African Republics and Madagascar, working in close relations with one another, nourished in French culture, sustaining a common ideal and prepared for a common defence. This Commonwealth *à la française* is very different from the closely-knit Communauté created by the Constitution of 1958. When the vote for or against that Constitution took place, the President of the Republic announced that, for the African territories, a territory which gave a majority of "Noes" would be taken to have declared for independence and would cease to be a member of the Communauté. Only one territory, Guinea, then chose independence. Competent observers thought that, at this stage, General de Gaulle believed that the drift towards independence had been checked. He found it necessary, however, to agree that member-States might become independent if they wished. This facility was introduced into the Constitution.

Three successive developments occurred, which have radically transformed the basis of the Communauté. The first was the accession of the Mali Federation (Senegal and Sudan) and of Madagascar to independence. This has been approved by the French Parliament. The second was the revision of the chapter of the Constitution governing the structure of the Communauté and the attribution of powers and services to the Communauté as a whole and to the separate States. In the original Constitution, Article 86 provided that the status of a particular territory within the Communauté could be transformed by agreement between the legislative assembly of the State in question and the French Parliament. A member-State might become independent, but in that case it would cease to belong to the Communauté. As a result of the revision now adopted, a member-State may become independent by means of agreements, without ceasing to be a member of the Communauté, and an independent State, non-member, may adhere to the Communauté without ceasing to be independent. The situation of such States within the Communauté is determined by such agreements.

The third development was the demand made by the heads of State or

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of Government of four States acting together—the Ivory Coast, the Niger, Dahomey and the Haute-Volta—for complete independence, obtained by the simple transfer to each of these States of all the powers and attributes which the Constitution reserved to the Communauté as a whole. These reserved *competences* included foreign policy, defence, currency, common economic and financial policy, policy for strategic raw materials, and furthermore, except in the case of special agreements to the contrary, control of justice, higher education, external transport and telecommunications. Article 78 of the Constitution provides that the transfer to any member-State of any of these reserved powers may be regulated by special agreements. The four States of the Entente, gathered under the leadership of the Ivory Coast, put this provision of the Constitution to the extreme test of asking for total transfer of reserved powers—a procedure which can hardly have been foreseen by the framers of the Constitution.

This blow was all the more unexpected as the Prime Minister of the Ivory Coast, M. Houphouët-Boigny, had been among the foremost advocates of the federal principle, which would endow the separate States with internal autonomy, but reserve important functions to the Communauté as a whole. During the brief history of the original Communauté, reserved powers attributed to the Communauté as a whole were chiefly exercised by the French Government. M. Houphouët-Boigny complained that the Mali Federation ought to have negotiated its new position with the whole Communauté, but in fact treated only with the French Government. The four States have now asked that transfer of all reserved powers be completed in August to enable them to join the U.N.O. as independent States at the Autumn Assembly. They have refused to negotiate a new relationship with France, as the Mali Federation did, until they are independent.

Pressigny-L'Orgueilleux, par Vernon, Eure.

THE PORTUGAL OF SALAZAR

GENERAL HUMBERTO DELGADO

IN the list of despots, Dr. Salazar is a peculiar case. He has not the exuberance of a Hitler, the martial pose of a Mussolini, the flowing "generalissimo" title of a Franco, the cupidity of a Perón, the youth of a Jiménez, the venality of a Trujillo, or the thirst for pleasure of a Caesar. But under the *facies* of a paternal dictator, as he was called until my Presidential electoral campaign, in which I forced the mask to drop, he possessed, in reality, some of the defects common to all dictators, among them a passion for ordering others and a love of subversivency.

Maybe he was not by birth what he later became. But in that case he suffered from the inexorable law epitomized in Lord Acton's classic saying: "Power tends to corrupt, and absolute power corrupts absolutely."

At least, speaking for myself, I see an ocean of difference between the Salazar of 1928, when he had to create prestige, and the powerful man of today, builder and owner of a ferocious political police (PIDE), educated under the auspices of the Gestapo.

Few men, maybe only those who were Ministers during a long period, have had an opportunity of working close with Salazar, as I had, when he called me to undertake two important jobs. The first occasion? In 1942, to prepare secretly—*et comment!*—the agreement with Britain for the cession of the bases in the Azores. To that end I was appointed Portuguese air representative *ad hoc*. The second? In 1944, three months before the Chicago Conference, when he hurriedly created the Secretariat for Civil Aeronautics, once more to deceive the world.

Shamefully, Portugal was, in 1944, after 16 years of Salazar in power, the only world colonial power without a single air line for a single portion of our colonial territories, or, to adopt today's compulsory euphemism, our "overseas territories".

As an American said, jokingly: "Portuguese civil aviation consisted of one plane, one pilot, one mechanic, one flight, once a week—to Tangier"—that small international territory, almost beside Portugal, in North Africa.

For me, the turning-point in the evolution of the mentality of Salazar was his passage from Minister of Finance to Prime Minister—quite a different role, in which he took the responsibility, as dictator, of preparing a nation for its future. Instead, he tried to kill the Opposition, which has had practically no other right than to appear, quite suddenly, once every seven years, for no more than one month. He conceived power, not as a means of governing, but as an objective in itself. In a word, the secondary personal objective became the first.

Then began traditional operations: one party only, police torture, propaganda by intensive means, and so on.

Some of his admirers opened their eyes, and Salazar was amazed, for he had not realized that the young lieutenants had become colonels or generals. They were now older than he was when he took power. Running

risks, a few, among them my chosen friend Henrique Galvao and myself, sometimes as in our case, staking their career and future, have shown that they were no longer prepared to be considered as children. No longer would they join in enslaving the nation. No longer would they subscribe to the Salazar theme: *Après moi, le déluge*.

Some civilians and military men began to compare Portuguese living-standards with those of nations which had suffered invasion instead of remaining neutral in World War II. Really one must bear in mind that in wartime Portugal sold everything available to both sides, including tungsten (*volfram*) to Hitler just until some days before the cession of facilities in the Azores. In spite of all this, the comparison between living-standards in England, Belgium, France, Germany, Italy, the Netherlands, and Norway, with the misery in Portugal, is shameful.

Naturally, the people—*Vox populi, Vox Dei*—speaks about the “fifty families” who monopolise the public wealth and about the “one hundred contos a month” posh club. (A “conto” means one thousand escudos, ten thousand being the monthly pay for a general.) These feudal methods are considered responsible for much of Portugal’s disgrace and misery. Let me repeat a few statistics I supplied to the British Press, to illustrate the tableau with something more concrete than words.

Fifty-eight per thousand of the population in Portugal are killed by tuberculosis in contrast to five per thousand in the Netherlands.

Badly nourished, consuming far fewer calories *per capita* than the number considered reasonable by FAO standards, the Portuguese has been caricatured in this context as receiving *per capita* no more than “a small glass of milk a day, one small slice of meat per week, three eggs per month, and one chicken per year”. In fact, he receives, *per capita*, 30 pounds of meat, against an average of 100 in developed countries, and one pint of milk per month, instead of 20 for such countries.

And how could it be different, if 75 per cent of the salary is spent on food against 40-60 per cent in the other countries to which we have referred?

How could it be otherwise when *per capita* income is less than \$200 against many times that figure in the United States?

What could one expect when, of those who wish to emigrate, numbering, in 1958, 45,000, only 13,000 were accommodated in Portuguese colonies, although the latter comprise more than twenty times the land surface of Portugal?

Again, the net profits of business are divided thus: 39 per cent work, 61 per cent capital, against 70 per cent and 30 per cent respectively in the United States.

Although Portugal supplies a microscopic force to NATO, defence absorbs more than 30 per cent of the national budget, when education, in a country with practically the highest rate of illiteracy in Europe, takes less than 10 per cent.

The net result? A wealthy State, but a very poor people.

Is it better to have a strong escudo, when few others beside the “fifty

families" have escudos in their pockets, or to have a currency with rather less prestige, but available to everyone?

Poorer French people have been wont to "invade" Portugal at summer time—with their poor French franc. The Portuguese could not holiday even in Portugal, with their marvellous, strong escudo. What interest has a people in financial prestige if we are the slaves of the State?

Worse than the misery is the lack of public morals. Thus the regime denies the persistence of torture—brutal and inquisitorial. But they are described in horrible detail on Page 11 of Bulletin No. 31 of the Association Internationale Juristes Democratique by Maître Supervielle who came as an observer to Portugal some while ago.

He was amazed to note that in court such tortures were mentioned by lawyers and accused, as if commonplace, unworthy of the judges' attention.

Dr. Salazar, in an interview, termed the tortures "light shakings". One of these "light shakings", described by Supervielle and suffered by Hernani Silva, lasted for five days and five nights under what is called "the statue"—having to stand upright against a wall. . . .

If a Government denies such a fact, or terms it "light shaking", it commits a terrible crime against future generations. It encourages them to be dishonest. It fosters among them the idea that the first to deny truth are their leaders.

And, to close, may I recall the fraud in the last Elections? As I said many times, this fraud began long before election day.

The voters' list was a forgery. Many voters known to be anti-Salazar were struck off it. It is well-known that in Angola 40 per cent of the voters were excluded.

Now for the second fraud. It is equally well-known that Dr. Salazar said he would guarantee one month of freedom before voting. Now British and American readers must know that the photograph of 200,000 people waiting for me in Oporto during the Election campaign has never been allowed to be published in Portugal. A similar comment applies to my speech in Lisbon in which I called the attention of the Portuguese people to the fact that the Minister of National Defence—Santos Costa—had promoted himself from captain to colonel without doing a single day of military service. (Oh, this farce of the indispensable people!)

Then came the third fraud. They denied the Opposition the right, accorded to the Government party, of access to the names and addresses of the electors—a fundamental right in view of the Portuguese method of supplying ballots to the people. . . .

And the fourth. . . . We requested that these ballots be supplied from the same sources as those of the Government candidate, in order to avoid any difference of colour or size and to eliminate the voters' fears.

The Government supplied the ballot papers only two days before the Election. How was it possible to distribute them in time?

Fifthly, the police seized and robbed a large proportion of the ballots in transit, by hand or by car, from headquarters, in Lisbon, to the provinces.

Continued on Page 433

VENEZUELA: IRAN OF AMERICA

ORLANDO MARTINEZ

VENEZUELA, most northern country in South America, a nation of 6,500,000 people, is celebrating 150 years of political independence this year.

There had been a time, around 1810, when Venezuela was the leading country of Spanish America. Francisco Miranda, the precursor of the independence of all Spanish America, was a Venezuelan, as were Simón Bolívar, the Liberator; Antonio José de Sucre, Bolívar's finest general; and Andrés Bello, intellectual father of the Spanish American republics. But with the use of independence and the abuse of freedom Venezuela's prestige disappeared. Its governments became a dreary succession of strong men and dictators.

General Juan Vicente Gómez ruled Venezuela from 1908 until his death in 1935. A former cattle-thief, heavy-handed and given to few but trenchant words, Gómez had the air of a barbarian patriarch. Like other Latin American dictators Juan Vicente looked upon his country as his personal ranch. On his ranch he was the boss. Those who thought of opposing him were thrown into underground dungeons where they suffered terrible tortures and rotted away in tropical dampness. The phrase "thought of" is used advisedly, for Juan Vicente ruled his country with an iron hand. There was no opposition.

When Juan Vicente died in 1935, the new government confiscated his holdings, valued in the neighbourhood of \$200,000,000. His passing was hailed with rejoicing throughout Latin America, but particularly in Venezuela, and for good reason. There the feeling was of rebirth. Hundreds of university students who had emigrated to Colombia, Chile, Argentina, Mexico and Spain returned to their country. There was a lusty upsurge of democracy. And there was a rebirth of the economic life of the country. Venezuela suddenly became the leading exporter of oil in the world. Its production of 2,770,000 barrels a day is second only to that of the U.S.A. Venezuela has become the Iran of South America.

However, like the rest of Latin America, Venezuela has its Achilles heel: politics. Juan Vicente Gómez was succeeded by his Minister of War, General Eleázar López Contreras, and five years later, General Isaías Medina Angarita, his Minister of War, succeeded him in the presidency.

In 1945, despite widespread belief that Medina was on the road to democracy, a military junta overthrew the government and Rómulo Betancourt, head of Acción Democrática, became the provisional President. Like every Latin American revolutionary leader, Betancourt promised free elections. And in order not to perpetuate himself in power, he also promised not to run in them. To the astonishment of the cynical, Betancourt kept both promises. The first free elections in the history of the nation were held in December of 1947. It was the realization of a dream of centuries. On that day in city and village the people were up at dawn to take their place in the lines at the voting booths. As most of the people, 60 per cent, are illiterate the ballots were of different colours. The majority voted for Acción Democrática. If nothing else, it gave hope of a state that

favoured the mass of the electorate. But the interesting thing is that the person elected to the presidency was a man who represented the other extreme from the self-seeking military. He was Venezuela's greatest writer, the novelist Rómulo Gallegos, a man above all party lines and contention.

How did it come about that a novelist was elected president of a country? What were Rómulo Gallegos' political credentials? In his novels he had presented the life of the lowly with tenderness and understanding. More than anyone else he had approached the small, intimate drama of the people. He did this without political design, out of a sense of human solidarity. In his works are to be found, in life-sized stature, the outspoken plainsman, the worker of the city, the frontiersman who measures his strength against the jungle, the poor Negro, the peasant bewildered by the oil gushing from his land. When Gallegos was inaugurated, 100 men of letters from the entire Western Hemisphere went to Caracas to honour the event. Gallegos said to them: "It is one thing to wish, and another to do. Let us see what a man of good will can accomplish. It is one thing to move the puppets of fiction, and another to govern a people."

But, alas, it was a short-lived flower! Nine months later the group of officers which overthrew Medina toppled Rómulo Gallegos from his post.

It was their idea that the army should be the deliberative body in Venezuela as it is in Argentina. Although they had followed a professional military career and did not owe their official rank to the vote of the people, they decided that they were qualified to pass judgment on the civilian authorities, and they had no intention of permitting Congress, the press, the courts, or public opinion to exercise this function, as in a democracy. They had the example of the army in Argentina, which had taken this step before them: General Perón had been recognized by the U.S. Government. The army, like everyone else in Latin America, is always alert to see what course Washington will take. Recognition of Perón seemed an auspicious sign to Major Pérez Jiménez's clique. And the U.S. Ambassador to Argentina had hailed Perón as "the great leader of a great country". It is doubtful that the U.S.A. will ever realize the repercussions that these attitudes of its ambassadors have on the general staffs of the armies of Latin America.

Pérez Jiménez became the strong man of Venezuela and his government was instantly recognized by the Argentina of Perón, the Peru of Odría, the Dominican Republic of Trujillo and Washington D.C. The government at once made a profession of its friendship towards the U.S.A., and, as is the habit of dictatorships, loudly proclaimed its anti-Communist position.

Early in 1958 the armed-forces turned on Pérez Jiménez and a military junta headed by Admiral Wolfgang Larrazábal took over. But within a few months free elections were held and Rómulo Betancourt was elected president. Last February Betancourt ended his first year in office—the longest term of constitutional government in the dictator-ridden country's history.

Today the republic of Venezuela is one of the richest nations in the world. The government receives \$2,400,000 in oil revenues per day and its national income *per capita* is the highest in South America; some 4,200 kr. per year.

But oil brings poverty along with riches. Attracted by the smell of wealth and the hope of jobs, rural workers flock to oilfields and cities, only to sit idle in slums. They do not, as is claimed by many, contribute to the need to import food by leaving unworked fields behind. The blame is not theirs. Although 35 per cent of Venezuela's land is arable, orchard, permanent grassland and meadow, and though 40 per cent of the working population is employed in agriculture, food makes up at least 15 per cent of the nation's imports. Last year, for example, the country spent \$152m. to import staples such as wheat, corn, meat and dairy products. Imported eggs alone cost \$30,000 a day. Most of the capital that is invested in agriculture goes into the development of the excessively large estates, the coffee and cocoa plantations which produce for export. Large landowners, who constitute less than two per cent of the farming population, own three-fourths of the farming land: yet some 350,000 peasant families have neither land nor work.

And this is not all. Venezuela is fortunate in possessing other valuable mineral deposits beside oil, notably the extensive high-grade iron ore reserves that have been discovered since 1945. Though it is estimated that the nation is capable of exporting at least 5,000,000 tons annually, up till now they have been of little benefit to the Venezuelan people. The deposits are being developed by two companies—Iron Mines of Venezuela, a subsidiary of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, and the Orinoco Mining Company, a subsidiary of the United Steel Corporation of America. U.S. companies are also showing a growing interest in other Venezuelan mineral resources, manganese, bauxite, sulphur and diamonds.

Forests cover about half of the country's total land surface, yet timber has to be imported from the U.S.A. and Canada for use in the cities and ports. Furthermore, the U.S.A. has a very profitable market in Venezuela accounting for over 70 per cent of the nation's imports.

Despite the growth of the economy the wealth is most unevenly distributed and the nation's natural resources remain inefficiently developed. Although oil dominates the national economy, accounting for 94 per cent of the nation's exports, less than one per cent of the population is directly connected with this industry. Relatively high wages are paid to the oil workers, about 10 times those earned by agricultural workers, but at least one third of the population is outside the money economy entirely.

Venezuelan politics are at least as inflammable as the colossal and fantastic wealth of oil that seems to seep from every rock. Economically the country is going through one of the most astonishing booms in world history, with more than \$1,000,000,000 worth of oil being exported annually. That does not mean, however, that Venezuelans are wealthy. Once the oil leaves the ground it does not belong to Venezuelans but to U.S., British and Dutch companies, and all Venezuelans get are the royalties. The most optimistic estimate is that the oil reserves will be exhausted in 20 years. The question is how much of the cash returns are being used today in satisfying such basic needs as the nutrition, clothing, housing and education of the people of this state, five times larger than England, in preparing for tomorrow.

A NEW U.S. LABOUR LAW

WILLIAM E. GORDON

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THE recent adverse Press publicity which the leaders of the Teamsters' Union received, would have been enough to cause unions generally to take a defensive stand. It was so designed as to have overtones which would be a warning to the public that unions had advanced too far in two directions, (i) towards monopolistic power, and (ii) into the sphere of management where decisions are made with maximum productivity uppermost in mind. It is interesting to notice that the most persistent and forthright insinuations and attacks were made by the *Wall Street Journal*, which is the largest daily business newspaper. And it is remarkable that union participation in management should become an issue in the United States, for the unions have always sought to avoid both managerial and political responsibility.

In the uncertainty about continuance of prosperity, and mindful of the gains which foreign competitors were making, labour was held responsible, by the Press, for the pricing of United States goods out of foreign markets, without mention of other factors which also have to be paid out of market prices. Thus it seemed that there was opportunity for business to regain such ground as had been lost to labour.

So both management and labour were ready for a stout defensive stand when the Steel Workers' Union declared a strike. The larger firms in the steel industry presented a united front, evidently confident that they would be sustained morally by industry generally, for they stood for restoration to managements of virtually full prerogative in the making of work rules, but as there had not been much loss, a defensive position against further loss would have been much more realistic. The Steel Workers' Union's demands for a settlement would have been limited to insistence on increase in wages, in the main, but for the effort of business to oust labour from all participation in the making of decisions. As it was, the union assumed the role of total defender of unions. Fears for the consequences of automation to union influence and bargaining strength, which existed in the minds of the leaders of some of the largest and most effective unions, such as the Union of Automobile Workers, were quickly revived and the Steel Workers' Union rose in rank from defender to champion, as the dispute continued. The support of the AFL-CIO was specifically given.

II

That the Union won the strike was less noteworthy than the circumstances of winning. The Steel Workers' Union had previously claimed successfully increase in wages, based on increase in productivity. So had other unions. The separate contract made by the Kaiser Steel Corporation for an increase of 22.5 cents an hour for 20 months, and the subsequent contract by which the remaining firms agreed to pay an increase of 39 cents, on the recommendation of the Vice President of the United States and the Secretary

for Labour, were significant as evidence of lack of unanimity on both sides and of the influence of the Vice President on wage-cost policy in the steel industry. There was a probability that the whole of the Steel Workers' Union, in its role as champion, would have accepted the rate of increase of 22.5 cents, especially if work rules had not been involved, rather than incur the risk of a split in its ranks, which could have resulted in loss of the support of other unions, but the other steel firms represented at the negotiations did not support the offer made by Kaiser.

III

The political influence of the Vice President was very noteworthy. Both the difference of 16.5 cents an hour and the fact that the steel firms did not, as usual, pass on the wage increase to the consumers of steel were undoubted indications of dependence of the steel industry on federal government and political opinion in the making of cost-price policy decisions. In this case it was decided to increase the wages of labour not because the industry thought that increase was due, or solely because of the pressure of the Steel Union, but in response to the Vice President's recommendation, which was interpreted as an intimation that any resolute resistance to union claims on the eve of the presidential election would jeopardize Mr. Nixon's case as the Republican candidate.

The decision of the steel industry to pay a substantial wage increase and to defer the passing on of it was reminiscent of the fact that in the presidential election of 1952 the General Motors Corporation contributed more than any other group or individual to the support of General Eisenhower's campaign. Nor does it seem that the passing on of the wage increase to the consumers of steel will be long delayed. At least one firm in the industry has already intimated that in its judgment there would be no alternative. The Vice President's recommendation was an effort in a political contest with the Democrats. It was an extraordinary expedient.

IV

The Steel Workers' Union's success undoubtedly raised the morale of unions generally, if it did not inspire some of them to belligerent action, such as the strike in the building industry in Kansas City and by the workers in a Fisher body plant in the same area, and the impending railroad strike, which President Eisenhower thought it necessary to delay for 60 days, while his board of inquiry endeavours to avert it.

Well may labour unions think that they have widespread support, for in addition to Mr. Nixon's recommendation, Democratic aspirants to the presidency have industriously sought the support of the unions since the depression of the 1930s, and individual leaders of the Democratic Party have identified themselves with claims and objectives of labour. This has become almost a tradition, while Republican leaders have been less solicitous probably because of the fact that not more than 25 per cent of the workers of the United States are unionists and the union vote, in so far as there is one, has not been strong enough in industrial areas to offset the farm vote of the West and South.

It has also to be observed that most of the public support, on which unions may count, is passive. Either public opinion ignores unions almost entirely except in some small union towns, or is resigned to the inevitability of continuing contests between labour and industry, for shares of income, being well prepared to be affected in some degree whenever the turmoil heightens, but to be all but immune to it at other times. This attitude is often found to be characteristic of the well-to-do society, including the British, if judgment may be based on the decline in interest in the Labour Party as prosperity prevails, while interest in it was intense in 1945.

V

The Labour-Management Reporting and Disclosure Act of 1959 was not inspired by public concern but by the Press campaign already mentioned, and it was initiated by a Congressman, Senator Kennedy, who was making plans for his candidacy in the presidential election. It was remarkable enough that while Mr. Kennedy, a Democrat, strove to be moderate yet effective in advancing the labour bill, President Eisenhower asked for a "strong labour law" and Mr. Nixon was ready to appease labour and actually did. This disparity between the points of view of the President and his Vice is one of several bits of evidence that Mr. Nixon now has a philosophy of his own, which has made him more of a "liberal conservative" than is Mr. Eisenhower.

It is easy to be mistaken as to the true significance of the Reporting and Disclosure Act. Certainly Mr. Kennedy lost some union support because of his sponsorship of this law, but many Democrats did not identify themselves with it, and the unions had more than 200 representatives at the same time, in Washington D.C., endeavouring to modify the content of the original bill.

The law requires unions to do, in the main, six things: (i) take part more effectively in election of officers and generally exercise some control over policy which leaders formulate and put into effect; (ii) disclose more fully the use of union funds, to the Secretary for Labour (This applies to employers too, since they are to report payments to unions or their representatives, and to labour relations consultants.); (iii) submit to investigations by the Secretary for Labour, who, for this purpose, is vested with power to enter union buildings and require that records be produced; (iv) give information about any union official or other person suspected of irregularity in the administration of a union; (v) move goods produced by firms other than their employers, and (vi) limit picketing to efforts to give information to the public, for when it is done for other purposes it could be coercive and coercion is prohibited.

The first and second requirements must be interpreted as an attempt by the Congress to institute Federal Government control of the internal affairs of labour unions, so as to enforce on the unions practices which the Congress deemed to be appropriate for a democratic society. Actually the internal administration of the unions will be such as union opinion requires. There isn't such a thing as democracy by legislation without

participation of representatives of the persons for whom the legislation was designed.

The third and fourth themselves are coercive measures. Since they are not imposed on other institutions in the same society, which have responsibility for funds entrusted to them, they cannot be called democratic. Their conception as appropriate anti-criminal measures could not be acceptable to a responsible society claiming to be democratic unless the unions, as institutions, were characteristically criminal. These provisions are not likely to be enforced, and the fourth would be likely to give rise to litigation, since it seems to ignore the Fifth Amendment.

The fifth and sixth restrict the use of two effective weapons which the unions have had. As use of the most powerful, which is the strike, cannot be prevented, but can be delayed, and its effectiveness must depend in some degree on the free use of these, it does appear that an attempt is being made gradually to restrict the unions until they become impotent. There is no discernible evidence of such a concerted effort. However, if the unions should think there was, they would conceivably have recourse to political action through a Labour Party of their own organizing. But in the United States this would be a risk requiring very careful calculation.

THE PORTUGAL OF SALAZAR, *continued from page 426—*

Finally, believe it or not, on the morning of Election Day, June 8, 1958, the Government perpetrated its sixth fraud. An official note forbade the inspection of the ballot operation by the Opposition. Fortunately, in some few places, the order did not arrive in time, or could not be accomplished. There we won.

Conclusion: the figures published by the Portuguese Government giving only 25 per cent of the votes to me have no meaning. A strong rumour persists that some Government appointees confess that they just changed the result of the votes obtained by the two candidates.

A PUBLIC SCHOOL'S BOYS-OF-LETTERS

NORMAN BENTWICH

I WAS a scholar in the last years of the nineteenth century at St. Paul's School, London, which celebrated in 1959 the 450th anniversary of its foundation by Dean Colet. Those were nearly the last vintage years of the greatest of the School High Masters—as the head is called—Frederick Walker. And besides brilliant academic scholars, who became heads of the Civil Service, Governors of Indian provinces, and Governors of Colonies, the School in that period turned out a remarkable group of men-of-letters.

St. Paul's was, and is, essentially a classical school, holding fast to the traditions with which Dean Colet started it in the sixteenth century. It is true that, when it was moved in the eighties of the last century from the precincts of the Cathedral in the City to the fields of suburban Hammer-smith, science laboratories and a drawing-school were added. The story is told that, when Walker took Abbott, the headmaster of the City of London School and a distinguished classical scholar, round the new buildings, and showed him the science laboratories, and Abbott expressed admiration for the novel development, Walker looked hard at him, and said: "But you and I know this is *not* education". Walker, however, had a superb gift of marking gifted boys who did not shine in classical studies, but had a yearning to express themselves in their mother-tongue, and write English literature rather than Greek and Latin verse. He remembered that St. Paul's School had given to English literature Milton and Pepys. He marked these boys for special attention, and created a special class, the "History VIIIth", where they had more leisure for reading English literature. The higher classes of each division were called the Eighth.

In the nineties, just before and during my years at the school, an extraordinary galaxy of hopeful writers were together: Gilbert Chesterton, Edward Clerihew Bentley, Edward Thomas, R. C. Vernède, and Lucian Oldershaw (later, brother-in-law of Chesterton). They were close friends and formed a club, the Junior Debating Society, and found an outlet for their writing talents in an unofficial school magazine, *The Debater*. Having had their magazine brought to his notice, Walker immediately gave an order that Gilbert Chesterton, who was not distinguished as a scholar, and was in the VIth form, should go at once to the Special VIIIth. It is reported in Maisie Ward's *Chesterton* that, when his mother came to consult Walker about her son's future, he said to her: "Six feet of genius. Cherish him". Clerihew Bentley while still at school created a new type of nonsense verse, which bears his name. An example connected with the school runs:

Sir Christopher Wren
said: I am going to dine with some men.
If anybody calls,
say I am designing St. Paul's.

He was a pioneer also in detective fiction, and his *Trent's Last Case* is a landmark in that form of literature.

The literary tradition was encouraged and developed in my school generation, 1895-1901. The most famous of the future writers then at St. Paul's is undoubtedly Sir Compton Mackenzie. We were contemporaries. He entered the school in 1895, but left a year before me in 1900. I remember my introduction to him. One of Walker's original ideas, in fostering the talents of the most promising boys when they were young, was to take them out of a class, and place them in a classless society in the Assembly Hall of the school. There they did nothing for a term or more but write exercises in Greek and Latin prose and Greek and Latin verse. The course might be extended beyond the term till the boy in his opinion was ready to jump three or four classes. In that way he would get to the top class when he had still two years before going to the university. Walker assigned an assistant master, an eminent classical scholar, to correct the exercises of the boys who were "in Hall". But he himself would stride into the Hall at any hour of the day, terrifyingly sit down by a boy, pick up his exercise book, mark the mistakes, throw a few questions about family and child history, and then write his neat initials, F.W.W., on the page which he had corrected.

On this occasion he walked me up and down the Hall, and pointed out the other selected boys, my fellow beneficiaries or victims, most of whom I did not know. Each boy sat at the end of a long bench in splendid isolation. He pointed to one, chubby with tangled hair, and said: "That is Compton Mackenzie. He is the cleverest boy in the school, and will be head of the school in the year 1900". He was right in his judgment, but for once was not right in his prophecy. Sir Richard Bruce Lockhart, in his book of memories: *Friends, Foes and Foreigners*, has told the story recounted to him by Compton Mackenzie: "How I refused to become a classical scholar". As he matured, he was bored with the idea of being a don at Oxford. He wanted other things. It was the established practice for the head-boy of the school to try for a scholarship at Balliol College, and it was a regular thing for him to win it. Compton Mackenzie wanted to go to Oxford, but not as a classical scholar. He insisted on being placed in the form for the literary specialists. The one talent which he could display to the full at the school was acting. At the Apposition, the annual speech-day at the end of the summer term, it was the practice of the boys to give scenes from a Greek, a Latin, and an English play. He played Charles Surface in scenes from the *School for Scandal*. That was a performance not to be forgotten, and the pictures in the Auction Scene were also not to be forgotten. They were the handiwork of another young Pauline, Reginald Wilenski, who at school promised to be a painter, but preferred to be an art historian. Compton Mackenzie must have been making his notes while at the school for the book about it which started his fame: *Sinister Street*, published a few years after he left Oxford.

The most brilliant scholar of his last year, who took the place that Walker had marked for him, was George M. Young, the future historian of Victorian England and the biographer of Stanley Baldwin. He entered the school a little older than most boys, and quickly showed his quality. The High Master remarked to me that Young had an advantage that he

came every day from Greenwich, which was then a long railway journey, and had an hour in the train by himself to read, morning and evening, while the rest of us played. Another contemporary, a little older, was Leonard Sidney Woolf, who at school was austere and withdrawn. He was to make a double contribution to English literature, by his own writing, and by publishing the books of his wife, Virginia, and of others in the Hogarth Press.

A few years later, after I had left the school and Walker's reign had come to an end, in the days when Lord Montgomery began there his career of leadership and command, two other Paulines began their career of literature, Victor Gollancz and Douglas Cole. They both excelled also in classical studies, and their writing was mainly concerned with serious things. But Douglas Cole kept Bentley's tradition of detective fiction—as a recreation. In his spare time he wrote, with his wife, 30 essays in that art. E. V. Rieu, who combined classical scholarship with mastery of vigorous English in his felicitous version of the *Odyssey*, was of the same period. A school generation after this trio, two boys, who were both of Russo-Jewish parentage, (Sir) Isaiah Berlin and Max Beloff, were distinguished among their contemporaries equally for their classical scholarship and their lively conversation. They kept their reputation at Oxford, and both became professors in the same year. Both have won literary fame in latter years by independent thinking and irrepressible eloquence. They and their predecessors who have been mentioned exemplify the special character of the teaching of St. Paul's School, to encourage individuality in letters and speech. With their devotion to causes of freedom, they live up to the school motto: *Fide et Litteris*.

HISTORY—

DANIEL DEFOE, 1660-1731

DERYCK ABEL and DAVID GOLDBLATT

OTHER days, other ways, means little more than that we contrive the more successfully to disguise our villainies. We read of Daniel Defoe as "a mean mercenarie prostitute, a state mountebank, an hackney tool, a scandalous pen, a foul-mouthed mongrel, an author who writes for bread and lives by defamation", and some may wish that the law of libel gave them similar freedom. A modern Junius would lack neither material nor subjects. Turncoats did not begin with Defoe nor end with him. Have we not experienced a Prime Minister publicly excusing himself by an adroit phrase as to the many facets of truth and—maybe reflecting in his fellows a genius for sub-conscious hypocrisy—bask in the sunshine of continued support? For Defoe, born at Cripple-gate, the son of a butcher in the City where 71 years later he was to be buried in Bunhill Fields, there was reasonable justification. His was a dangerous age of transition where the old order, swept away in bloody conflict, was as likely to return on the swing and take heavy tribute; where most houses were ready—even to the royal portrait—to flaunt the required loyalty. Defoe was not the only Trimmer by far. As a boy Defoe could learn from the example of the most exalted how to face all ways for personal gain and safety. But protection would be denied to a City adventurer, twice bankrupt, whose gift with the pen was of value only when it suited the majority or the great. To be on the side of the angels demanded a place on the band-wagon of success.

His father had given him the chance to go beyond the three Rs. He gained more than a nodding acquaintance with the tongues of the classics and the moderns with an eye to Nonconformist ministry. Perhaps because of its precariousness, or because the spirit urged, he moved into the City as a factor hosier seeking business abroad. His first failure at 32 deterred him not at all. He at once plunged in anew.

Seven years earlier he was with Monmouth in 1685, a proof of his courage and his innermost convictions. When this short-lived uprising was quelled he managed to escape the none too tender attentions of the "Lambs" and Judge Jeffreys. Nevertheless within a couple of years he dared to rouse the conscience of his fellow-Dissenters in protest against the seeming leniency of Catholic James, who, in the Declaration of the Liberty of Conscience, was perforce moved to include Nonconformity so as to shelter his Papist co-religionists. Defoe saw this as a royal intrusion of the province of Parliament. The Whig was strong in him. Undaunted he wrote: "Was ever anything more absurd than in this conduct of King James and his party in wheedling the Dissenters; giving them liberty of conscience by his own arbitrary dispensing authority, and his expecting that they should be content with their religious liberty at the price of the Constitution?" He further added for good measure, "the King's suspending of laws strikes at the root of this whole government, and subverts it quite. The Lords and Commons have such a share in it that no law can

be either made, repealed, or, which is all one, suspended, but by their consent." Our modern masters in the New Despotisms could do worse than sit at the feet of Defoe and apply his teachings.

On November 5, 1688, William of Orange landed at Brixham Harbour in Torbay. In the march on London Defoe joined his army at Henley-on-Thames. He was a trooper in the volunteer regiment of horse which escorted William and Mary to the City of London banquet in October, 1689, and throughout the reign of William III he was consistently loyal. His inconsistencies during the reign of Queen Anne may be partly explained by the fact that he remained a staunch William man. The King, as Professor Sutherland has written, "stood for everything that Defoe most passionately believed in: religious toleration, reformation of manners, moderation of party strife, no nonsense from France, union between England and Scotland and—nearest to his heart—expansion of English trade." Thus in 1697 we find Defoe arguing for a standing army and in 1700 for the expected French war. In 1701 his defence of his Dutch King in *The True Born Englishman: a Satyr* depicts the English as a race of mongrels. In that same year the new Parliament provoked a new pamphlet—*Six Distinguishing Characters of a Parliament Man*.

William died in March, 1702, and soon the High Church Party swung into power. In November a Bill to suppress the practice of "occasional conformity" passed the Commons and Defoe took the offensive. He argued that there was no objection on principle to Church establishment as such; indeed the Church furnished a bulwark against papist and infidel alike. If the Church would but cease to insist on ceremonies of which Dissenters disapproved, conformity would be right and proper. He saw it as a marked injustice that Dissenters should be required to serve in the Forces and yet be excluded from preferment. It was of no avail. All that Defoe contrived to do was to offend his fellow-Nonconformists and draw added fire from High Church polemicists.

While the Whig lords fought the Bill he adopted a new and strange device of Devil's advocacy, one extended to absurdity, that of a "High-flyer". In this guise he produced *The Shortest Way With the Dissenters*. Here he cheerfully demanded their utter extirpation—an excess of zeal which overshot the mark. At first High Tories gleefully applauded. But their leader, that Malvolio-like figure, the Earl of Nottingham, dubbed "Dismal" by contemporaries, seeing through the ruse, opened a campaign against Defoe. He was prosecuted for libelling the Church by misrepresenting its principles. In announcing a reward for his apprehension, the *Gazette* described him as "a middle-sized spare man, about 40 years old, of brown complexion and dark coloured hair, but wears a wig; a crooked nose, a sharp chin, grey eyes and a large mole near his mouth". The Commons ordered the book to be burned. At the Old Bailey he proudly admitted to its authorship, and was sentenced to pay a fine of 200 marks, to stand thrice in the pillory, to be imprisoned at the Queen's pleasure and to find securities for good behaviour throughout seven years. This savage sentence may well have scarred his mind for life and have accentuated his shiftiness. But whatever his inconsistencies in pamphlet

and tract Defoe never ceased to advocate toleration and regard for tender conscience. Irrepressible and ever-bellucose he returned to the attack in *A Hymn to the Pillory* in some boisterous lines:

Tell them it was because he was too bold,
And told those truths which should not ha' been told,
Extol the justice of the land,
Who punish what they will not understand.
Tell them he stands exalted there
For speaking what we would not hear. . . .
Tell them the Men that placed him there
Are Scandals to the times;
Are at a loss to find his guilt,
And can't commit his crimes.

Imprisoned at Newgate he suffered financial loss of some £3,500 in a business at Tilbury but nothing could break his heart or spirit. In jail, in February, 1704, he launched *The Review* which in varied form lived for more than nine years. Under the grandiose title, *A Review of the Affairs of France and of All Europe as influenced by that Nation*, with the later addition of *With Observations on Transactions at Home*, this journal was the forerunner of the *Tatler* and the *Spectator*.

During that same year came a turn in Defoe's fortunes. Moderate Tories contrived to manœuvre that over-High Churchman, the Earl of Nottingham, from the Ministry and to instal Robert Harley, later Earl of Oxford, as Secretary of State. The Occasional Conformity Bill was abandoned. Harley arranged the release of Defoe from prison. The Treasury discharged his fee. Nevertheless, by 1705 Defoe was secretly in touch with the Whig hierarchy, even though, within 12 months, the Ministry commissioned him to repair to Edinburgh. Anglo-Scottish union was imminent. There he was to produce a *History of the Union* on behalf of the party favouring this project as well as to publish his *Review* in the Scottish capital together with its London counterpart. Soon came the next twist. Harley, his benefactor and patron, at sharp odds with other members of the government, was ejected from the Ministry. Rating the pamphleteer's services higher than his principles, Harley introduced him to Godolphin, and the *Review* turned to orthodox Whiggery within the hour. In the Elections of 1708, Defoe, now a Godolphin man, as adroit as ever, prognosticated that if ever Britain suffered the misfortune of a Tory Parliament the nation would be undone. The nation was undone. The Whigs lost. Defoe unashamedly fell back on Harley.

By 1710 Defoe was thundering that the Whigs, by selling out the Funds, would be playing the Jacobite game, that a moderate Parliament was essential and that "high-flyers" must be eliminated. He was now stigmatized on all sides as a renegade with consequent damage to *Review* and reputation. To make matters worse, Harley was overthrown by the Jacobites, while Nottingham made terms with the Whig leaders, he agreeing to vote for peace while they allowed him to carry the Occasional Conformity Bill through all its stages. Fearlessly Defoe sprang to the aid of Oxford. Uninhibited by earlier experience, he published three bitterly anti-

Jacobite pamphlets, but with ostensibly pro-Jacobite titles. They were *Reasons against the Succession of the House of Hanover, What if the Pretender Should Come?* and *An Answer to a Question Which Nobody Thinks of: viz. But What If the Queen Should Die?* For this excess of subtlety he was to pay dearly. The Whigs, in their wrath, prosecuted. His pamphlets were declared treasonable and April, 1713, found this intrepid scandalmonger again in prison, only to receive pardon under the Great Seal.

In 1714, a vital year, he declared for King George I in a pro-Whig *Flying Post*, but his restless nature soon played him yet another scurvy trick with another book, the inevitable libel suit and sentence to a further bout under lock and key. In *A Secret History of One Year* he divulged that his revered King William III, of beloved memory, had parted company with many of his Whig supporters because of their insatiable rapacity—fair comment but hardly endearing. From prison Defoe wrote to Chief Justice Parker (now Lord Macclesfield), one of his judges in 1713, who put him in touch with Secretary of State Townshend. Released, he insinuated himself into the service of the ruling party—as pamphleteer and newsletter-writer. He also took part in the management of *Mist's Journal*, and, in the interests of the Ministry, toned down its High Tory Jacobitism.

A comment by an opposition scribe throws light upon Defoe's public reputation in the days shortly before Robinson Crusoe appeared. He praised "the agreeableness of the style . . . the little art he is truly master of, of forging a story and imposing it on the world for truth." In this damning with faint praise is shown the masterly quality which made him so deadly a propagandist and so useful a tool. He was an adept in every facet of the printed word. As a writer on social and economic themes he was, in his day, unsurpassed. It would be hard to match his insight into and understanding of the problems of both the underdog and the rising middle class. His fertility and resource never failed him from youth on. While yet a young man he had in an *Essay on Projects* advocated a series of major reforms which ranged from changes in the bankruptcy law to the provision of lunatic asylums as well as the creation of a national bank, an assurance system and a savings bank. His ideas on the education of women would stamp the effusions (in a recent correspondence in *The Times* and in *The Guardian*) of at least one group of allegedly modern thinkers as reactionary in the extreme.

As to his fiction, the earlier appraisal of his by no means friendly rival could scarcely be improved. In *Crusoe*, through Captain Singleton and Moll Flanders to Colonel Jacque and Roxana, there runs a thread of life in his characters, with never a puppet and seldom a dull passage. Each is a story imposed on an eager and wide-reading public for truth.

Daniel Defoe must be studied in the context of an age when democracy and party politics—in Britain—were in gestation. The philosophers of France and England were barely known and even less appreciated in England where brains are always at a discount—and cleverness not to be trusted overmuch—where mainly shrewdness tells and "intuition" tempers political views that barely reach beyond tomorrow. In retrospect the

Continued on Page 446

G. P. GOOCH

THOUGH Lamennais and Lacordaire never met again, they crossed swords when the former published his version of the fruitless pilgrimage of 1831-2 in his brochure *Affaires de Rome*. Lacordaire replied in the best known of his minor writings, *Lettre sur le Saint Siège*, though without mentioning his old master. While the elder controversialist confined himself to his unhappy personal experiences the younger ranged over a far wider field. Without any pretensions to erudition the brochure repeats the arguments of *Génie du Christianisme*, *Du Pape* and the *Essai sur l'Indifférence* that the Catholic Church, under the inspired guidance of the Holy See, had been the guiding light throughout the ages in a dark world, the source of the faith which was the best hope of mankind. One of the greatest and commonest errors in regard to the Church, he declared, was that it had tied itself to the State and frowned on countries with liberal institutions. On the contrary Rome, the mother of all peoples, respected all forms of government. God had chosen Rome, not Jerusalem, as its guardian and, if the actions of Europe were to have a future, they must turn their eyes to Rome. The Church stood for love, the only real value in the world, the beginning, middle and end of things. Love is knowledge, devotion, contentment. With one drop of love in the scales the whole universe would not weigh it down.

Lacordaire's hymn of praise was music in the ears of the Vatican, but the Archbishop of Paris advised postponement of publication on the ground that its political radicalism might provoke controversy. Its appearance a year later caused no ripple on the surface of the waters. His first comprehensive declaration of faith gave its author unbounded satisfaction. Rome, he had discovered, was his spiritual home. "Never was I so tranquil and so happy," he wrote from the Eternal City. "I feel I am in port. Nowhere is there so much liberty combined with a sense of security. Here the passions of the outer world vanish like grain on the beach. I have finished with Paris and my furniture is sold and Père Ravignan has worthily filled the pulpit at Notre Dame." He accepted an invitation to preach at Metz, but his mind was full of other far-ranging plans.

After the final break with Lamennais, Lacordaire reported to the Archbishop of Paris, who received him with open arms like the prodigal son. Having had his fill of journalism, he declined both the editorship of a new paper *l'Univers*, which Louis Veuillot was soon to make the leading Catholic organ of the century, and the offer of a chair of theology at Louvain. After two years of controversy he longed for a period of solitude and study. An invitation to preach at the Collège Stanislas was more to his taste, and his success in the pulpit was as much a surprise to himself as to Paris. His fame quickly spread beyond the walls of the college to literary celebrities, among them Victor Hugo and Alfred de Vigny. He was rewarded by an invitation from the Archbishop to occupy the pulpit in Notre Dame, where the triumphs of the college chapel were repeated. The preacher suddenly found himself a national figure, the most prominent Catholic in France since Lamennais had strayed from the fold. For the next two years believers were at his feet and unbelievers, attracted

by reports of his eloquence, mingled with the throng. Though the salvation of individual souls was his central theme and purpose, he also proclaimed the social duty of the Church with a zeal recalling his articles in *l'Avenir*.

However gratifying was his success in the pulpit, Lacordaire desired to create something more constructive and more permanent than the spoken word. The destruction of the Religious Orders, it appeared to him, had impoverished the spiritual life of France, and the restoration of the Society of Jesus supplied a precedent for the revival of other communities. The foundation of the society of St. Vincent de Paul by his friend Ozanam provided an opportunity for those who felt the call to social service. "In Rome I saw the magnificent remains of the Orders founded by the Saints. I could not believe that this was all over, and I felt that the best service one could render to the Church would be their restoration." That there were many obstacles in the path he was well aware, among them the widespread unpopularity of the Church and the notorious indifference of the Government.

His resolve was strengthened by a visit to the Abbey of Solesmes where the scholarly Dom Guéranger had revived the Benedictine Order. After prolonged reflection he decided to revive the Dominican Order of Friar Preachers. When his project was approved in Rome he served his novitiate at Viterbo, employing his leisure in writing a life of St. Dominic, a companion work of edification to Montalembert's life of St. Elizabeth of Hungary. He was appointed Provincial of the Order in France, and his share in the revival of the Orders provided the deepest satisfaction of his life. "Those who had not lived through the two phases of incredulity and faith," he declared in the funeral tribute to his friend Ozanam, "could form no idea of the change. Tears fill our eyes and we should give thanks to God." When he resumed his sermons in Notre Dame, where he appeared in the white and black habit of the Order, he was recognized at home and abroad as the greatest ornament of the Church in France.

Lacordaire had genuinely admired Lamennais during the brief period of discipleship, but unlike Montalembert he had never been completely dominated and never really loved him. The two central friendships of his life, into which he poured all the treasures of his heart, were with Montalembert, to whom he stood in the position of an elder brother, and Mme., Swetchine, a childless Russian lady old enough to be his mother. To her he looked up with filial affection and reverence not merely as a spiritual comforter but as something of an oracle. Born in 1782 into an old and wealthy Moscow family long connected with the Court, and married to an elderly General, she had witnessed the closing phase of Catherine the Great. During the brief reign of the half crazy Emperor Paul she had been a lady in waiting to his German wife while General Swetchine was Military Commandant of the capital. But the favour of the ruler never lasted long and the General was not only dismissed from his post but forbidden to live in St. Petersburg. All eyes, however, were beginning to turn to his eldest son Alexander, already a valued friend of the General and his gifted wife.

After the assassination of the Czar and the accession of Alexander,

Mme. Swetchine entered a new ideological phase. Hitherto religion had played no part in her life, for her father, like her husband, while outwardly conforming to the Orthodox Church, stood much nearer to Voltaire, Rousseau and the Encyclopædists. She knew nothing of Catholicism till the arrival of Joseph de Maistre as Minister of the House of Savoy bringing with him not only wider erudition but a rock-like conviction of the superiority of the Catholic Church. Her conversion was complete and irrevocable. In her own ecstatic words she threw herself into the arms of God, and began the serious study of theology and philosophy. Her keen interest in religion strengthened her ties with the Czar whose attraction to spiritual things increased with advancing years and who found a sympathetic friend in the mystical Mme. de Krudener.

When General Swetchine was appointed Russian Minister in Paris in 1816 his wife opened a salon to the Catholic circles to which it was a privilege to be invited. Lacordaire was introduced by Montalembert and for the remainder of her life he was regarded as her most intimate and valued friend who was grateful for her "supernatural tenderness". Her exceptionally wide culture and sympathetic personality secure her a place in the story of the Catholic revival, for she was more than merely the hostess to distinguished men. It was not till the Revolution of 1830 that she came into her own, and began to play an important part in the counsels of the young Catholics who looked to Lamennais as their leader and proclaimed their political and religious convictions in *l'Avenir*. The new friendships were the more welcome since her husband remained a member of the Orthodox Church. Lacordaire often said mass in her private chapel, and it was partly at her suggestion that the Archbishop of Paris invited the young preacher to occupy the pulpit of Notre Dame. It was a perfect relationship, cemented by a flaming devotion to the Church. "Think sometimes of all you have meant for me," he wrote, "and through me perhaps for others." Another grateful friend, Count Falloux, who was to write her life and edit her writings, testifies that her gift of understanding amounted to divination.

Lacordaire came to rely increasingly on her judgment. Her salon was not at all to the taste of Sainte-Beuve, who described it as a branch of the Church. She would have regarded the criticism as a compliment, for she had embraced her new faith with even more than the usual zeal of a convert. A salon, he declared pontifically, was a place where all opinions were allowed and represented, whereas in her drawing-room only believers were welcome. Since its special character was well known and there were other salons for other ideologies there was no reason for complaint; it was precisely the warm atmosphere which rendered it attractive to Catholics who regarded literature and politics as inferior in importance to the maintenance and propagation of their faith. Having never come under the influence of Lamennais, who was rarely seen in Paris, she wholeheartedly applauded Lacordaire's declaration of independence and urged Montalembert to follow his example without delay. The names of the intimate friends of de Maistre, Lacordaire and Montalembert, cannot be omitted even in a brief survey of Catholic revival in France.

A monthly review of some of the notable television and film presentations

THE MONTH IN VISION

DOMINIC LE FOE

THE cinema industry can be infuriating. One knows that economic troubles over the past years have served to sap the efforts of the "dedicated" film maker; one knows, too, that the iniquitous Entertainment Tax and the unfair legislation on Sunday cinema opening are, and were, other factors mitigating against the prosperity of the industry. But now, when it would seem that at last the chance to consolidate recent gains has come to hand, we find them involved in some of the antics that made the 1930's so memorable for outbreaks of movie-mogul madness.

I refer to this extraordinary habit of two companies deciding to film the same subject at the same time. We are threatened with it over *Lawrence of Arabia*; it has narrowly been averted with *Dunkirk*; we are able to witness it in being with the two films about Oscar Wilde. It is not a critic's role to decree or decry business methods or principles, but a candid friend is entitled to ask that such needless extravagances be avoided.

And what sorts of film have emerged from this race to the screen? The answer, in round terms, is "good". Both *Oscar Wilde* and *The Trials of Oscar Wilde* have much to commend them. There are mutual deficiencies too. For example, neither film manages to do more than set the situation which led to the ruin and imprisonment of Wilde; neither even attempts to hint at the extraordinary lethargy, an almost oriental fatalism, that beset Wilde on his losing his libel action against Queensberry; that same passive reaction which delivered him straight into the hands of the police, when his friends were trying to deliver him to the Paris train—and to deliverance itself. But if Wilde remains an enigma, these two films have shed some light on one of the strangest chapters in literary history.

By an odd quirk, the two films have appropriated the wrong titles. That laying claim to the *Trials* as a name is in fact weakest in the sequences concerning Wilde's conflict with Queensberry—a conflict that later resolved itself into one of Wilde versus Society. To balance the score it must also be said that the film called *Oscar Wilde* offers a less satisfactory study of Wilde than does the film that purports to deal with the trials as a first objective.

First then—*Oscar Wilde*.

If the production of William Kirby and the direction of Gregory Ratoff can be said to falter it is largely because of the rather ill-matched cast. When dealing with a personality as potent as Wilde, we are also dealing with an image shared by thousands of people, all holding their own vivid mental portrait of Wilde and Lord Alfred Douglas. To fly in the face of the widely held belief is to invite wildly shared disbelief—and here the film is on dangerous ground indeed. Wilde is portrayed by Robert Morley: I concede, at the outset, that rarely has Mr. Morley given such a good

performance; it rivals much of his best work on the stage, and reminds one of his earlier efforts in the truly dramatic field, before the pastures of light comedy took him beyond the reach of deep emotion. But good though Mr. Morley is—and he is—he is physically wrong in that he is palpably too much of a heavy-weight—and he is “mentally” wrong in that he is at least ten years too old in maturity of outlook to match the shadow of a man who, on oath, would lie about his age, with ultimately devastating results. Mr. Morley presents Wilde as a sympathetic, misguided, muddled-thinking, almost too-pure character who never quite seems to be the father of the epigrams he launches with such effect. He does not convey a man so self-indulgent and so self-tormented that his passion and his desire could lead him to destruction so certainly or so quickly.

And if the “victim” is wrong, then what of the viper? It would be difficult to think of Lord Alfred Douglas other than in terms of sheer youthful radiant beauty. A beauty that may be less than skin-deep and a beauty which conveyed nothing of the basic ugliness of nature that sheltered behind the physical perfection. But the one word that would surely characterize “Bosie” and indeed the coterie of young men that Wilde was shown to have established was—youth. Vigorous flaunting youth. And excellent though John Neville is—he does not seem youthful. His is an acidulated, dissipated characterization: all the latent degeneracy, none of the implicit Apollo-like lure. The relationship shown here is more that of a masochist and a sadist: and that is not, indisputably not, the tragedy of Wilde.

In the Court scene the film climbs triumphantly to a peak of cinematic achievement. Here the drama is true, for it must largely be written from the contemporary records of the trial. But words are nothing if spoken badly. The credit then must go in unstinted measure to Sir Ralph Richardson in the role of Edward Carson. This is brilliance in acting within the fullest meaning of the phrase. And if Richardson is superb, Morley rides the storm. We see him in the early stages, easy, urbane, pricking Carson with his wit, stinging him with his retorts—and taking the jury with him. But Carson waits his moment. He might be a young cat. But mice are mice. Suddenly he pounces. So Wilde never kissed a 16 year-old stable lad because he was “so ugly”? We see the facade of Wilde begin to crumble—and Morley suggests it brilliantly. Within minutes that once round and smug visage reflects the innermost thoughts and agonies of a man who knows he is beaten and will be trampled to the ground. This is stark, compelling drama and a truly memorable piece of cinema, acted, directed, edited with consummate ability.

And in presenting this very sequence is where *The Trials of Oscar Wilde* loses ground to the version I have been discussing. For here the key role of Carson is played by James Mason; I admire James Mason but it must be admitted that here is one of his lesser successes. For some reason he has been advised to invest the character with what sounds to be a sort of heavy, uncouth Irish accent that ill-accords with what one knows of Carson's background. He makes him bullying, dogmatic, irascible, even coarse. Perhaps it is the rainbow tints of memory that cause me to believe

that the advocate was never like that, and, if he were, the film still suffers for adhering to it. But this apart (and can one dismiss the trials as of but passing importance?) this film is very much the tuppence-coloured version, superior in every way to the earlier production.

It is, literally, in colour, and all the crimson plush and yellow-tinged gaslight of the era registers the more evocatively because of it. It has Peter Finch as Wilde—a younger man, in many ways a better-looking man, and a better conception of Wilde's personality too, I believe. It is possible to imagine that the attraction between the two men was indeed a twin-flowing current. And the Bosie is played by John Fraser, who suggests with immense resource the inherent weakness, the capacity to snap under strain, and the traitorous streak of mental instability of a man who was seeking "not a friend but a weapon". And it has Mr. Lionel Jeffries in the role of Lord Queensberry, a man who made rules for the prize ring and ignored them for the private hearth. This is a superb performance; the sulphurous hatred and contempt, the unreasoning anger, the brutally assaulted pride are all contained in one of the finest characterizations I have ever seen. Note the name, for with good fortune it will be heard again in matters of cinematic moment.

Two films, then, that pose a question, depict an enigma, and offer to provide everything but an explanation of the outcome or even a *modus operandi* of the downfall of the brightest literary light of the late Victorian galaxy.

DEFOE, *continued from page 440*—

historian fashions tendency where we, in the hot controversy of the moment, see but intrigue, self-interest and adroit realignment. Who are we to think badly of Daniel Defoe when we watch the political gyrations of the twentieth century with less if any excuse? In England we have emerged from the Purge but for Defoe such dangers were very real; ruin if not worse was lurking round the corner.

Let him who is without blemish condemn. In truth there are but few so saintly among us. Our motives may—to ourselves—be pure but confess, most of us must, that in practice we scramble for plums, each in his own time and in the manner of his day.

CHANGING ATHENS

THOMAS ANTHEM

WHEN the poet Shelley declared in a moment of ecstasy: "Another Athens shall arise," he was thinking, of course, of something more than a new and splendid city, built around the ruins of the Acropolis, or on the site of what, in his day, was little more than a sprawling Turkish village. Little more than 60 years ago, English visitors to the "City of the Violet Crown" were still able to tell and write of the minarets and spires of Turkish mosques that dotted the Attica basin.

At a time when the face of modern Athens is changing rapidly—according to Mr. Constantine Tsatsos, Minister to the Prime Minister, "more important major public works have been executed in Athens than at any time during the last half century"—it is interesting to speculate on what Pericles and Shelley would say were they to stroll back across the Elysian fields today and behold the Greek capital. Probably they would be less astonished than Christopher Wordsworth, who visited Greece in the early 1830's. Describing the city that was once guarded by the Goddess Athena, he wrote that he saw no lamps, windows, or newspapers. "The streets," he said, "are almost deserted; nearly all the houses are without roofs. There is but one church in which divine service is performed. A few wooden houses, one or two of more solid structure, and two lines of flanked sheds which form the bazaar, are all the inhabited houses that Athens can boast." The chronicles of a Frenchman, Abbet-Grasset, who wrote of the Piraeus about the same time, are not less diverting. He described the classic port of Athens as consisting of a landing platform, a Customs house booth, three or four houses, and the Monastery of St. Spyridon.

The Turks had descended, in mid-fourteenth century, like a plague of locusts on Hellas, and when, in the Greek War of Independence three and a half centuries later they were defeated and ejected, they left Athens much worse than they had found it, with the Parthenon shattered, and the once proud and stately city little more than a shambles. With the very limited resources that it had, but with the help of rich, public-spirited Greeks, who presented Athens with many of the fine buildings, parks and libraries the city now possesses, the Greek kingdom made remarkable progress down to the outbreak of the Second World War. Happily, though much of Greece was left in ruins, Athens remained intact, and although plans for big improvements were on the way when the late Field-Marshal Papagos took over the Premiership after leading the Greek national forces in the fight against international Communism, the major share of the credit for the physical transformation of the capital is due to the dynamic lawyer-Prime Minister, Mr. Constantine Karamanlis, whose Government has enjoyed one of the longest spells in office of any Greek regime since the modern State was founded. Athens has indeed embarked on more public works in the past five years than in the past 50 years, and if the energy, vision and boldness of Mr. Karamanlis are chiefly responsible, the Greek people, by their innate good sense in avoiding political dissensions, which in the past have wasted so much of the national effort, have played a worthy

part. Even the Communists, who still have a sizeable party in Parliament under the style of EDA, find it difficult to criticise Mr. Karamanlis; apart from his ambitious Five-Year Economic Plan, which aims at making Greece a great touristic centre and partly industrialising the country, the construction of new boulevards, hotels and hospitals in Athens and the modernising of the city's and the country's transport, the Government is spending 260 million drachmae (84 drachmas to the £ sterling) in housing 3,500 refugee families who have lived in shacks in Athens and at the Piraeus, as well as in Salonica, since the Asia Minor disaster. New modern blocks of flats are going up, with all amenities, including electricity and a pure water supply. In improving and widening the capital's thoroughfares, from which the old, noisy trams have disappeared, Greece's amazing Premier has let nothing stand in the way. For instance, the decision to extend and improve Marnis and Korai Streets has meant that 1,280 shops and businesses will be affected, and 420 buildings demolished.

Whilst successive Greek Governments have given special attention to the preservation of the incomparable Parthenon, the Theseon, and other classical antiquities, and the approaches to the Acropolis have been re-developed and enhanced to meet the vastly increased flow of foreign tourists that is expected—the objective is to attract 600,000 within the next five years—Athens has perforce had to bow to modern trends in the style of the new buildings that are going up. Yet grace, and the attractive symmetry of the Greek straight line, with Greek columns and pediments to embellish an entrance or foyer wherever possible and appropriate, are not lacking. For the first-time visitor, however, who desires to see modern structures in the classical style, there are the University, the Academy, and the National Library, and here, it may be remarked, University Street and Amalia Street are among the main thoroughfares that have been broadened and re-asphalted. New and more becoming kiosks, a familiar sight in Athens, are being erected. A completely new avenue in the Ilissos area, extending from the Adrianos Gate towards the Stadium, will link Queen Olga Avenue with Syngros Street. In planning the new Athens, a city of gleaming whiteness in the semi-tropical sun, the Government is trying to remedy some of the defects of the lack of systematic planning in the past, and it is making a good job of this overall task.

Foreign Press correspondents, returning to their own countries, invariably choose the same theme for their first articles: that never before has Athens been in the throes of such a building boom. The Athenians themselves will tell you proudly that "this is the new Athens of Karamanlis". When one reflects that the same building and re-development activity are going on all over the country, and in the Greek islands, the Greeks have good reason to feel elated about their energetic and tireless Premier, for the purpose of it all is to raise the living standards of the people. The new luxury hotels being built in the capital, including a 12-floor, 480-room Hilton hotel to cost £3,000,000, are designed to fill the void in accommodation for foreign tourists that has existed for a long time. When I returned from Athens recently, 12 hotels of first or second grade were going up at the same time and will soon be finished. Athens

Airport is being extended, a new terminal building constructed, and the very latest installations introduced, so that Hellinikon will become one of the most modern airports in the Mediterranean area.

More green places and parks have been the urgent need of Athens, with a larger area than that of Paris, since it became a great city. From 292,991 inhabitants in 1921, the population jumped to 642,000 with the sudden influx of Asia Minor refugees in 1922. Then came the Second World War, followed by the Communist war, and thousands more refugees made their homes in Athens. Today the population is estimated to be 1,700,000. Many fine new suburbs have sprung up, but until now Athens and the Piraeus have been scarred by too many slums. Mr. Karamanlis is not only bent on eliminating the slums, but in creating the City Beautiful for the Greek people as well as for the enjoyment of the foreign visitors. One aesthetic project is the planting of 2,000,000 million trees in and around Athens, which in the course of time should make the Greek capital as leafy and shady as the alluring boulevards of Paris. The hills around Athens, before the Second World War, were well planted with trees, for every February, on the "Festival of the Green", the pupils of all the schools each dug in a sapling; but the Nazis and the Italians, during the occupation, made ruthless use of the trees for firewood and other purposes. In parks, the most durable monument of the first dynasty is the National Garden, the shadiest resort in Athens. The only other green places inside the city are the grounds of the Zappeion, planted at the suggestion of one of Greece's greatest statesmen of the past, Tricoupe; the Garden of the Muses, in Constitution Square; that in front of the National Museum, and the Garden of Tears. Outside the city, of course, is the Botanical Garden.

While building is going on apace in Athens—an imposing new Embassy for the United States will have a prominent site—and new roads and improvement of existing thoroughfares and squares provide welcome and constant employment for hundreds of workmen, the beautiful coastline strip of the Saronic Gulf, from Vouliagmeni to Sunion, near Athens, is being developed for Athenians and tourists alike. Athens is fortunate in having, less than an hour's journey from the centre of the city, numerous unspoiled, sandy beaches, and with the provision of modern hotels, pavilions, and bathing and sports facilities, the Saronic coastline should become in this area as popular a playground as the French Riviera. There are mineral springs at Glyphada and Vouliagmeni. Phaleron Bay has been purified and sweetened by means of the new drainage canal at Prophitis Daniel, and the coastal avenue around the Piraeus Peninsula is being widened. A bathing Lido will be established on the Bay of Aphrodite, while a tourist pavilion and a de luxe hotel will have their place on the picturesque hill of Prophet Elias.

Shelley's vision of a new Athens arising had relation, of course, to his hope that the artistic genius of the Greeks would, in the fulness of time, be worthily reflected in the modern people. Modern Athens, like Edinburgh, is a sincere patron of the arts, and artists of international repute participate every year in the Athens Festival. The Festival, in which ancient drama and comedy, symphony concerts by the Athens State Orchestra and other

orchestras of world repute, and operatic performances have a part, is held in the open-air theatre of Herodes Atticus, at the foot of the Acropolis. In the Greek National Theatre Company, which recently had a great ovation in Paris, Greece has one of the most talented theatrical combinations in the world. Outside the capital, in the fourth century theatre at Epidauros, another festival of classical drama and comedy is staged in July each year, and attracts upwards of 50,000 local and foreign spectators. A novelty introduced at the Athens Festival last year was the "Sound and Light" presentation, dramatic readings in Greek, French and English, and accompanied by music, organised by a French concern. The Acropolis is illuminated by 1,500 floodlights, and the performances are watched and heard by 5,000 people sitting on the hill of the Pnyx.

Among numerous cultural projects which the Government is backing is that of a cultural centre for the capital. This would comprise two concert halls, a theatre, a State Music Academy, a museum, a library, and a hall for local and international congresses. Another interesting development is an Art Museum, grouping old and modern works of popular art and handicrafts. A Congress Hall is almost an urgent necessity for Athens, which has lately been the venue for series of important international conferences. Among these was the Congress of the Inter-Parliamentary Union, attended by 44 nations, and held in the Greek Parliament; this scene is one that would have appealed to the heart of Pericles. This great Athenian, were he alive, would no doubt exult in the fact that the "walls divine" of Athens had been brought within three hours 15 minutes' flying time from London, thanks to Mr. Onassis' Comets.

Not the least phenomenal change in this new Athens that bids to be one of the most beautiful, as well as the most interesting, cities in the world is the plentiful supply of excellent drinking water. This is unexcelled in the Near or Middle East, yet hardly more than half-a-century ago residents and tourists alike were obliged to buy bottled drinking water, and had to pay extra for the privilege of a bath. No wonder the late M. Clemenceau, the French statesman, once declared that "the greatest political figure of Greece will be he who will supply Athens with water". For more than 30 years, of course, Athens has enjoyed a supply of water as good as that which Glasgow draws from Loch Katrine, in Scotland; it comes from the artificial lake at Marathon, constructed by an American firm, and brought through a tunnel $8\frac{1}{2}$ miles long, with an aqueduct for the remaining 14 miles. The reservoir has the only marble dam in the world. But with the very considerable increase in population, to say nothing of touristic necessities, some anxiety had been felt about the water supply. That difficulty has now been solved. About 108,000,000 cubic metres of water are being pumped daily from the Yliki Lake into the Marathon reservoir, and since experts estimate that Athens consumption of water is now running at the rate of 45,000,000 cubic metres a year, it is considered that the capital is assured of plenty of water for the next 20 years.

It used to be said that "the Greeks were famous for their brains, the Romans for their drains," and that the artistic and philosophic Athenians

Continued on Page 458

AN ELIZABETHAN ENIGMA

FRANCIS GRIERSON

FOUR hundred years ago the England of the first Elizabeth was appalled by the mysterious death of a woman best known to us by her maiden name of Amy Robsart, although for a decade she had been wife to one of the most powerful, most envied and most hated of the courtiers who aspired to the hand and throne of the Virgin Queen.

Was she murdered, did she commit suicide or was her death the result of an accidental fall?

Many theories have been propounded and conflicting arguments advanced, and hundreds of thousands of words have been written and spoken to support or demolish them. Sir Walter Scott devoted a novel, *Kenilworth*, to the subject, but used a novelist's fictional licence too freely and the book cannot be ranked among his triumphs. Historians—from the contemporary William Camden (1551-1623) to modern writers—and criminologists have tried to reconstruct the jigsaw puzzle, but so many pieces have been lost, or destroyed by persons probably concerned in or affected by the tragedy, that it has not been possible to complete the picture. Enough remains, however, to permit a tantalising but fascinating glimpse of a domestic triangle with a monarch at the apex.

This is not a historical treatise, though some names, dates and events must be recalled, so let us try to look at the Robsart Case through the eyes of a modern Detective Superintendent of the Criminal Investigation Department who has been instructed to collect such evidence as is available and to base on it an impartial report.

The first thing he has to do is to separate fact from fable, so far as may be possible after such a lapse of time.

"I can do nothing without data, Watson," he mutters, grinning as he fills his pipe—though not with the shag which must have made the Sage of Upper Baker Street a difficult neighbour.

Feeling as though he had been sent back to school (fortunately he had rather liked English history) he opens the first of the books piled on his table . . .

* * *

Amy Robsart was the daughter of Sir John Robsart, a prosperous landowner in Norfolk. She seems to have been rather a colourless girl, barely literate and without social ambition; probably quite satisfied with her position as heiress to the most important man in her small corner of the world. Her father, however, had plans for her. He was on good terms with the Duke of Northumberland, who was virtually ruling England in the name of the boy king, Edward VI. Both fathers were willing to open their purses for a suitable match, and on June 4, 1550, at Sheen, Amy was married to Northumberland's fifth son, Lord Robert Dudley, in the presence of the King.

The young couple—both about 17—settled in Norfolk, and Dudley seemed content to interest himself in local affairs and the sporting amusements of a country gentleman.

It is unlikely, however, that a spirited young man who in his earlier

years had known the gaieties of Court life would not have tired of his narrow circle and of a wife not his equal in education or taste. A child might have bound him, but unfortunately Amy was never able to give him one.

Already Dudley was showing promise of the good looks, daring and ambition he was to develop fully in his prime. He was tall and carried himself well, loved power and money and was capable of careless generosity and ruthless cruelty.

Robert Dudley was soon to make his first gamble for power or death. In 1553 he joined his father in an attempt to snatch the Crown from the Tudor stock. Realising that the sickly young King was nearing his end, Northumberland hastily married his fourth son, Lord Guildford Dudley, to Edward's cousin, Lady Jane Grey.

The King died and Northumberland played his ace—a document, signed by Edward VI declaring Lady Jane his lawful heir, and excluding Mary and Elizabeth, daughters of Henry VIII, from the line of succession.

Poor Jane was a reluctant queen for only nine days. Mary trumped the Duke's ace by raising a force in East Anglia, clapping Lady Jane and her husband, the Duke and Lord Robert, and a string of others into the Tower—where most of them were presently beheaded—and securing the assent of Parliament to her succession to the Throne.

* * *

It is better, says an old saw, to be born lucky than rich. Robert Dudley was lucky in living long enough to become wealthy and powerful.

Mary was pitiless to most of those she knew or believed to have been in the conspiracy. Robert was sentenced to death, but his execution was postponed. Perhaps Mary made allowance for his youth, or had simply become sated with revenge.

Mary's half-sister, Elizabeth, was a fellow-prisoner. The new queen, aware that the younger girl had many friends, was taking no risk of another palace revolution. The propinquity of Elizabeth and Dudley later gave rise to a romantic legend of bribed warders, secret meetings, kisses and vows of eternal affection. Actually, it is improbable that they ever met within those grim walls. Apart from being closely guarded, Elizabeth was unlikely to risk losing the head which, she not unreasonably believed, Mary would be glad of a good excuse to remove.

On October 18, 1554, Dudley was granted a rather grudging pardon, for although he was released almost all his property was sequestered to the Crown under a bill of attainder. He retired to Norfolk, where presumably he and Amy lived on the bounty of Sir John Robsart, who could well afford to support them. Dudley probably thought it advisable to avoid attracting attention for a year or two, but his friends, or those of Sir John, eventually secured his appointment as Master of Ordnance to the Earl of Pembroke, and now the tide of his fortune began its phenomenal rise.

Philip II of Spain, whom Mary had married, persuaded her to declare war on France. At the battle of St. Quentin on August 10, 1557, the combined Spanish, Flemish and English forces heavily defeated the French. Dudley behaved with such outstanding bravery that Philip sent him home

with despatches announcing the victory—a coveted honour and a passport to Mary's favour. She received him well and in the following March the attainer was lifted and his property restored.

Mary died on November 17, 1558, and Dudley seized his opportunity. He mounted "a snow-white steed" (says an old record) and galloped off to Hatfield to offer his homage and sword to Elizabeth the First of England, and no doubt to remind her of the days when they had been children at Court.

Forced by Mary to live in almost conventual seclusion, Elizabeth was revelling in her new freedom and power of patronage. It is not surprising that she approved the former playmate, now a handsome gallant with military laurels still green upon his brow.

As a first step she made him her Master of the Horse, an honourable and well-paid post, but no sinecure in the days when the Court relied on horse and mule transport for journeys and ceremonial processions.

Approval was all very well, but it was not long before people were saying that Elizabeth's behaviour had become scandalous infatuation. Dudley was appointed a Privy Councillor and High Steward of Cambridge University, and in June, 1559, he was made a Knight of the Garter, the highest honour in the Sovereign's gift, to which Elizabeth added the material benefits of lands, money and a profitable licence to export woollen cloth free of duty. (It may be noted here that his wife is sometimes erroneously referred to as Countess of Leicester, but Dudley did not receive his earldom until four years after Amy's death.)

Elizabeth's subjects, anxious to see her married, were now openly complaining that she refused to take a husband, either English or foreign, because she was in love with Dudley. The Count of Feria, Spanish Ambassador, wrote to Philip: "Lord Robert . . . does whatever he likes with affairs," and added that people said "his wife has a malady in one of her breasts and the Queen is only waiting for her to die to marry Lord Robert."

Feria's successor, Alvarez de Quadra, Bishop of Aquila, who detested Elizabeth and urged Philip to invade and conquer England, went further. "I have heard," he wrote in a despatch to his master, "from a person accustomed to giving me veracious news that Lord Robert has sent to poison his wife . . . The Queen . . . is only keeping the country engaged with words until this wicked deed is consummated." The good bishop, however, could offer no proof of this or other allegations. Incidentally, Camden, whose *Annals* of Elizabeth's reign are considered authoritative, declares that there was no truth in the suggestion that because of an infirmity it was impossible for her to have sexual relations with Dudley or any other man. To the end of her life she affirmed that there had never been any improper association between them.

While public clamour was at its height Amy was living quietly, with her attendants, in the house of a man named Hyde at Dechworth, Berkshire, apparently on paying terms, and Dudley went to see her there at intervals. It is not clear whether it was at his suggestion or by her own wish that Amy moved to Cumnor Hall, between Oxford and Abingdon.

It was a large building once owned by the Abingdon abbots and had for some time been leased by Anthony Forster, treasurer of Dudley's household, from another occupant, William Owen. The date of Amy's removal is not known, but it was before the autumn of 1560, for her death took place there on Sunday, September 8, of that year. There were living in the house, in addition to Forster and his wife, Mrs. William Owen (apparently estranged from her husband) and Mrs. John Odingsells, widowed sister of Mr. Hyde and presumably Forster's housekeeper.

Historians differ about what occurred at Cumnor Hall on that fateful Sunday—and no wonder, for such documents as the inquest proceedings and coroner's verdict (the latter generally agreed to have been Death from Misadventure), the parish register, and even part of the Privy Council register were destroyed, by whose authority can be only surmised. Contemporary witnesses and writers may have been influenced by political considerations, tempered by a natural desire to avoid the headsman's axe or a nocturnal stab in the back by a hireling assassin.

For instance, Mr. Milton Waldman, in his interesting study *Elizabeth and Leicester* (Collins), quoting from correspondence said to have been exchanged between Dudley and a kinsman and confidential servant named Thomas Blount, explains that the original letters were destroyed, but that copies were made and are now in the Pepysian Library at Cambridge. More destruction of evidence, it seems, but one wonders why such private epistles about the tragedy should have been copied at all, or the copies preserved.

Combining the various accounts into one narrative, this seems to have been the generally believed course of events on the fatal Sunday, however disjointed and discrepant it may appear:

On Sunday morning Amy ordered the servants to take the day off and go to Abingdon Fair; she tried, according to a serving man named Bowes, to induce the other occupants also to go, but Mrs. Odingsells, at least, refused.

That afternoon or evening Thomas Blount, approaching Cumnor Hall on an errand for Dudley, met Bowes riding hard toward him. Bowes pulled up and said that he had been sent to find Lord Robert at Windsor and tell him that his wife had died as the result of a broken neck caused by "a fall from a pair of stairs". Bowes said he did not know who had found the body nor when it was discovered. He had been sent off on his return from the fair. He continued his journey and Blount stayed to gather information for a report to Dudley.

The news of Amy's death created a great sensation and had various repercussions.

Elizabeth ordered Dudley into nominal detention at his Kew residence, from where he wrote letters to Blount and to Amy's family, urging the coroner and jury and all others to make every effort to probe the matter and tell him whether they believed the death "had happened by evil chance or by villainy".

The Spanish Ambassador alleged that when he called on Elizabeth at Windsor on the Sunday she told him that Amy was "dead, or nearly so"

and asked him to keep the news to himself. As Bowes had not then reached Windsor the suggestion was that the Queen was already privy to a plot to murder her favourite's wife, but as this was a private conversation the Bishop's account of it could not be confirmed.

That keen unraveller of mysteries, Mr. Hugh Ross Williamson, in *Historical Whodunits* (Phoenix), roundly declares that Elizabeth had "guilty foreknowledge" and believes that Amy was murdered by Richard Verney (Mrs. Odingsell's nephew and a Dudley adherent) and another man who had been sent to Cumnor Hall for the purpose. Mr. Williamson remarks that Cumnor Hall (long since destroyed) was a one-storey building, and that "a pair of stairs" meant a staircase with a landing in the middle, and deduces that a fall might have injured or bruised Amy, but would not have been fatal.

One final quotation from an anonymous writer who expressed a view widely held: "When he (Dudley) was in full hope to marry the Queen he did but send his wife aside to the house of his servant, Forster of Cumnor, where shortly after she had the chance to fall from a pair of stairs and break her neck, but yet without hurting of the hood that stood upon her head."

* * *

Having digested the foregoing and much other factual and speculative matter, our Superintendent put paper into his typewriter and recorded the following observations:

There is no evidence to show that Amy ever suffered from cancer, a malady difficult to conceal.

The Bishop of Aquila was obviously biased against the Queen. Her foolish and flagrant infatuation had prejudiced the public against her.

Why did Amy try to empty Cumnor Hall? Had she been secretly told to expect a visitor? If Verney had been sent to murder her how did he know she would get rid, at least, of her servants?—No satisfactory explanations.

Why were documents destroyed and a veil of silence thrown over Cumnor Hall and its neighbourhood?—For protection of persons implicated, or affected in other ways.

As to the "fall from a pair of stairs", the length of the staircase has not been established, but even a slight fall could cause a broken neck. In execution by the rope death is caused by rupture of the spinal cord. The hood might well remain in position.

Amy might have accidentally caught her foot in her long skirt, tripped and fallen awkwardly.

Suicide? Neglected by her husband, Amy may well have felt that life was no longer worth living. That *might* account for her wish to be left alone in the house, though this can be only speculation.

In my opinion as a police officer, the charge that Robert Dudley, with the Queen as accessory before the fact, procured the murder of his wife would fail in an English court of law for lack of reliable evidence. In a Scottish court a verdict of Not Proven would probably be returned.

* * *

Personally, I agree with the Superintendent.

WHAT IS BIRD ANTING?

DAVID GUNSTON

IT is well known that birds in general are most particular about the cleanliness of their feathers, preening and cleaning their plumage with beak and claw and, in some species, by other means such as naturally-secreted powder-down dusting or ordinary dust-bathing, but the use of live ants for the purpose is quite a recent discovery and is perhaps the most amazing ornithological fact proved in recent years.

The practice of anting, as it has come to be called, is made all the more interesting since it has only quite recently been studied. If you search through the scientific bird literature of the world right up to within the last 25 years or so, you will find no reference to this habit. Only John James Audubon, the famous American naturalist and bird artist, seems to have noticed it before. In his *Birds of America*, which was published in 1844, he writes of young Eastern turkeys rolling themselves in "deserted ants' nests to clear their wing feathers of the loose scales and prevent ticks and other vermin from attacking them, these insects being unable to bear the odour of the earth in which ants have been." But no one appears to have taken much notice of that observation, and the habit of bird-anting was overlooked until the early 1930's.

The credit for directing scientific attention to this strange happening goes to Peter Bradley, who, as a young bird-watching schoolboy in a Melbourne suburb, saw some starlings behaving queerly. He found that they were picking up live ants and placing them under their wings. He was so intrigued by what he had seen that he wrote to A. H. Chisholm, the well-known Australian ornithologist, describing his observations.

Chisholm's interest was immediately aroused, and finding nothing in the bird literature of America, Australia or Britain about the practice, he mentioned it in his book, *Bird Wonders of Australia*, published in 1934.

He felt that possibly the habit was confined to Australian birds because of the nature of certain native ants. This marked the initial step in the unfolding of the mystery of anting. The passages in Chisholm's book were widely quoted and read. It attracted particular attention in Germany, where Professor Erwin Stresemann, of Berlin University, quoted Chisholm's description in a German scientific journal and asked his readers if they had ever seen anything similar.

People from all parts of Germany replied and a great mass of observation data was received. Stresemann published the results of his study, suggesting the word *einemsen* for the habit, now translated into English as "anting" and the recognised term for the application of live ants and other stimulants by birds to their plumage.

In view of the widespread and obviously long-established use of live ants in this way, it is surprising that more people have not seen birds anting. Many observers have obviously seen birds anting but have not realized what was going on. The whole process takes place so swiftly and the birds concerned perform such strange and grotesque antics that the use of the ants may be easily overlooked.

Just what happens when a bird ants? It probes about on the ground, often on or near an ant's nest, picks up the insects with its bill and quickly places them in the feathers, usually under the wings or tail. The ants are also often rubbed vigorously against the plumage, the bill moving so rapidly that the eye cannot follow it.

The whole process is usually carried on in a state of high excitement, the bird eagerly performing its ritual, and sometimes ending up by eating the useful ants.

Often the bird will twist and turn about as it is anting with most un-birdlike clumsiness, wings or tails being brought right round to one side of the body, a contortion which often causes the bird to over-balance or fall on its side or back.

Although the procedure is performed at high speed and is accompanied by obvious ecstasy, it may last for several minutes without a pause. Birds excitedly anting in this way may frequently become oblivious of human approach and allow observers to watch them from a distance of a foot or two. One often-noticed method is for the bird to thrust beaksful of live ants right under its belly towards its under-tail coverts, which clown-like antic almost invariably causes it to topple over.

Since the day when Chisholm gave publicity to the subject, anting has been studied and observed by a great many people, including many skilled ornithologists, so that there is no doubt whatever about the practice. It has been written about widely, photographed and filmed in monochrome and colour.

Birds frequently ant when they encounter swarms of the insects in warm weather, and at all times the ants are used alive and struggling. The bird always agitates its tail and wing feathers, and becomes immediately absorbed in its engrossing toilet.

Starlings have been seen anting more than any other species, and in many different parts of the world. But they are by no means the only species seen to perform in this way. American robins, various thrushes, finches, blackbirds, jays, and parrots have all been watched anting.

Magpies have been seen anting in Ireland, both young and parents, also carrion crows, red-breasted grosbeaks, purple grackles and dippers. So far as is known, only perching birds ant. Many captive birds in aviaries have been watched anting. On one occasion a quantity of earth full of ants was scattered on the floor of an aviary in Canada and out of the 31 species of birds there, 20 were seen to ant almost immediately.

Where ants are particularly abundant, as on tops of their nests, or where they are swarming, some birds have been known literally to bathe in them, burying themselves in the live mass and throwing the insects all over themselves with great glee. While there are many variations in anting technique employed by various species and individuals, the essential idea seems to be the same and the resultant enjoyment undoubtedly so. Old and young birds ant, and there is no distinction in the employment of this strangest of toilets between wild or captive specimens.

What is the reason for this unusual behaviour? Like many another mystery and problem of nature we do not know the answer for certain, but

there seems little doubt that the ants serve as a pleasurable way of cleaning both the plumage and the skin. They probably serve as a skin stimulant, as a lice-destroyer, as a massage, as an acid bath and perhaps even as a source of an attractive odour, but in what order of importance these functions really are we do not know.

The phenomenon of anting is still obscure, but most scientists agree that the formic acid secreted by ants—it is this that hurts when they bite you—does in fact stimulate the skin of birds. The reaction must be rather like that received by the ordinary dust-bath and is probably akin to the delight which many birds and animals and even human beings on occasion obtain from having their backs scratched and their skin stimulated.

Whether the insects actually devour the parasites to which the feathers of most birds are subject is still a matter for conjecture and controversy.

Some biologists cast doubt on this but it is an interesting fact that ants do feed on lice and similar vermin, and in some hot countries clothes are laid on ant-hills for a time for the ants to rid them of fleas.

The question as to whether the birds derive stimulation and pleasure from the smell of ants in addition to that odour making things unbearable for the parasites is also a moot point since we have little evidence of a well-developed sense of smell in birds.

But the gaps in our knowledge of birds, as of all creatures, are so wide, that this and other hitherto unsuspected reasons may in reality be the case. Man has often been told to go to the ant for an example of diligence and industry, but not until quite recently did he find out that birds go to the ant to make use of its liveliness and its bodily acid secretions as an aid to their own toilet.

This fascinating but still little-understood subject can but stress the poverty of our nature knowledge. And the fact that the whole inquiry was set in motion by the spare-time observations of an intelligent schoolboy should afford great encouragement to the army of amateur naturalists upon whom science still has to rely so much.

CHANGING ATHENS, *continued from page 450—*

neglected such vital matters as drainage. Modern Athens is more practical, and dust, which was a curse in the past, has no more terrors. Modern vehicles spray the dust, and now, for more important reasons, a big drainage scheme has lately been completed which has provided Athens with a main sewer ten miles long. Other sewers are being constructed, and Athenians are beginning to look above the ground to the creation of a television service and network. Mr. Karamanlis and his team of technical experts mean to put Greece in the van of progress. Truly, the Greek race has a happy versatility!

CARVE NOT MY NAME ON STONE

Carve not my name on stone,
 No cross erect for me.
 Mine I have borne alone
 Throughout the turbulent years
 When youth grew old too soon.

And now youth having fled
 Do not record my loss.
 Instead
 Remember why youth died
 And thus remembering
 Lighten my children's cross.

DAVID ROSS

THE MIND'S DARK TAVERNS

When you wander in the mind's dark taverns of despair
 And ordered sense in stupor reels,
 When swaying thought stumbles after swaying thought
 And the dark uncertain pathways in the brain
 Are fraught with fear of the unknown,
 The soul's cry then is "Comfort me!"
 What comfort is in me
 Who wander in the transient night
 On the edge of the primeval forest
 In the half-light of a vision
 Not yet understood?
 What comfort can I give?
 For love's words softly spoken seem not enough;
 Nor arms of gentleness,
 Nor acts of kindness,
 Nor shoulders' strength;
 Nor yet the soul's unceasing prayer:
 But oh remember this
 That through the long dark maze of pathways
 In the barren waste
 Of the mind's terror
 I have wandered;
 And stumbling from dark to dark,
 Pursued by unleashed fears,
 Had reached the brink of no return
 Until the fire within me blazing forth
 Showed love triumphant
 Since He who first loved us
 Died in the labyrinthine ways
 That made Him call
 "My God, My God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

DAVID ROSS

FEAR NOT

When from the deep recesses of the mind
Dark foreboding thoughts
Creep into the light of reason,
And reason's strength fails to dispel the gloom
That stirs unreasoning doubt,
Fear not,
Be still—
Remembering beyond the dark fear,
Beyond the darkness of the mind,
There shines the bright white light
Of all man's reasoning
Since the birth of time
That frees him from the thralldom of the flesh
Into the spirit's light.

DAVID ROSS

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

THE PROBLEM OF PENSIONS

Pensions for Prosperity. By Arthur Seldon. 3s. 6d.

Published for the Institute of Economic Affairs (7 Hobart Place, S.W.1.) by Barrie and Rockcliff.

FIFTY years ago, poverty among old people led to state pensions. Yet today, as Sir Oscar Hobson avers in an admirable foreword to Mr. Arthur Seldon's *Pensions for Prosperity*, pensions have grown into the vast system of cross-payments from some groups of people to others that has become known as 'social insurance', although it has little resemblance to insurance as that word is usually understood. Now that real incomes have more than doubled, it is high time discussion moved out of the old grooves.

Yet in 1961 a Conservative Government is planning another enormous instalment of social insurance for a second state pension varying with earnings to go on top of the basic National Insurance benefit.

Pensions—especially their inadequacy for many retired people today—have long formed a burning and controversial issue; but, as Sir Oscar Hobson asks, "Is this new political scheme well adapted to our present and future needs?"

Mr. Seldon assails the scheme on every count because it isn't so adapted. He prefers the extension of private pensions "to encourage independence", but adds a plea that we must be more generous to the dwindling minority of people who remain in need. He criticises the new plan (effective from April 1, 1960) as "conceived in fear, composed in haste, adopted in ignorance." *Fear* because the Socialists were thought (wrongly as it turned out) to be winning support with their grandiose scheme before the 1959 Election. *Haste* because the Conservatives rushed out their counter-plan as a political emergency operation. *Ignorance* because earnings, money values, economic conditions and social changes—all of which must be taken into account—cannot possibly be foreseen 50 years in advance.

A number of explanations has been advanced for the additional scheme. One is that pensions should vary with income earned before retirement; secondly, that occupational pensions were spreading too slowly; thirdly, the Government argues that its new scheme is designed to assist the development of occupational schemes (curious reasoning).

A fourth argument is that the 1959 Act was a necessary reply to Labour's National Superannuation. Fifthly it is claimed that the occupational schemes were hindering mobility of labour. The sixth reason, Mr. Seldon suggests, is probably the true one. It is to put National Insurance 'on a sound financial footing.' The present scheme has been running rapidly into the red and money has had to be found from somewhere to pay the old pensions.

Mr. Seldon suggests that the problem might have been tackled in two ways. One was to say openly, "the old people must be given a tolerable income, as much as we can afford. The National Insurance method has broken down, so we'll do it by the straightforward method of a tax." The other was to call the tax a contribution and promise in return pensions thirty or forty or fifty years ahead.

The danger confronting the new scheme is that many firms will take advantage of the option clause and contract out, because they are operating or are arranging to operate their own private scheme. Ten million people are already covered in this way. "Today," as Mr. Seldon points out, "a pension is part of remuneration, one of the fringe benefits of a good job that should be negotiated between employer and employees. The State has no business here." Universal state pensions were right in an age of poverty, but today equal benefits for people with unequal need are a mockery of equality.

WILFRED ALTMAN

LORD HALDANE

Haldane of Cloan. Dudley Sommer. Allen & Unwin. 42s.

Though Haldane left us a slender volume of Memoirs and General Sir Frederick Maurice told the story of a busy life in two volumes with special emphasis on the seminal years at the War Office, there remained masses of material in the family archives and at Windsor. Delving in these rich mines and collecting information from dozens of surviving friends and fellow-workers, Mr. Sommer has painted a fascinating portrait of the great and disinterested public servant who devoted his abilities to the uplift of his countrymen in many fields. The book deserves to rank with the best biographies of our time, and the author's knowledge of the age is equalled by his fairness of mind. He admires his sitter, whose activities and ideas are allowed to speak for themselves in the letters to his mother and sister, to Asquith, Balfour, and many other correspondents.

The dominant impression left on the reader is astonishment at the amount of work performed by a single brain, *ohne Hast, ohne Rast*. Those of us, who, like myself, knew Haldane well, were aware that he was the most versatile figure on the full stage, that he had declined the chair of Philosophy at a Scottish University, that he was a busy lawyer, a born administrator and a pioneer of educational reform. But I had never realised how many irons he had in the fire, how rapid were his mental processes, how willingly he undertook tasks of social service, giving of his best to each of them in turn.

After studying at Edinburgh and making his first acquaintance with Germany and German philosophy in Lotze's lecture-room at Göttingen, Haldane quickly made his name at the Bar and in Parliament during the two decades of Conservative rule resulting from the Home Rule split in the Liberal Party. Working closely with the Liberal Imperialists who looked to Rosebery as their leader, he became a national figure when he joined his close friends Asquith and Grey in supporting the Chamberlain-Milner policy in South Africa; thereby incurring the profound suspicion of the majority of the leaders and the rank and file. Not until the Liberal triumph of 1905 opened the gates of power and installed Haldane at the War Office was the breach between the two sections fully healed. It is satisfactory to learn that the chiefs of the former warring factions soon grew to value each other's services. That no one contributed so much to prepare our country for the strain of an European war as the organiser of the six divisions of the Expeditionary corps, the creator of the Territorials, is universally and gratefully recognised.

After a brilliant start Haldane's career was by no means roses, roses all the way, and no public figure of his time suffered from more malignant misunderstanding. Most people knew of his reverence for Hegel and Goethe, and his friendly relations with the Kaiser, with whom and with whose Ministers he could converse in German, suggested to suspicious minds that he was much more Germanophil than was really the case. His remark to Professor Oncken, the distinguished German historian at a dinner-party, given by the Humphry Wards, "Germany is my spiritual home," was seized upon by political foes and in some quarters by the man in the street as confirmation of the legend that the War Minister and Lord Chancellor had been leading a double life, caring more for German interests than for our own. He never troubled to defend himself, though he felt the injustice keenly. His friends, who included Edward VII and Arthur Balfour, knew that he had always sharply differentiated between German culture, philosophy and science, literature and scholarship—and German policy. To the former he owed much, indeed most, of the joys and stimulus of his intellectual life. For the latter he had neither admiration nor respect, and no one in Great Britain was more alive to the menace to peace from the system of Prussian Autocracy, the intoxicating memories of Sadowa and Sedan, and the temperamental irresponsibility of William II. The

unkindest cut of all was the demand of the Conservative leaders for his exclusion from the Coalition Cabinet in 1915. Why did not his oldest friend Asquith, the Prime Minister, and Balfour, leader of the Conservatives, resist such an undeserved humiliation? The shabby story is told in these pages, and most readers will share the indignation of the biographer.

The virtual end of Haldane's ministerial career set him free to indulge his ruling passions the reform of secondary education, the foundation of provincial universities, the teaching of technical science and the study of the ultimate problems of life and mind. He had explained his system of idealism in middle life in the two volumes of Gifford Lectures entitled *The Pathway to Reality*, and in the evening of his life he was thrilled by Einstein's theory of relativity, to which he devoted a widely read treatise.

After the ungrateful treatment by his own party and its split into warring sections led respectively by Asquith and Lloyd George, no one could blame Haldane for accepting the offer of the Woolsack when Labour took office without a majority in 1923. Ramsay MacDonald had no suitable candidate for the high post within his ranks and the former Lord Chancellor, like King George V, felt he was performing a public duty in adding strength to a weak team which only held office for a few months. Needless to say he never changed his political convictions and never became a full-blooded Socialist. Like everyone with a Liberal training and temperament he desired a mixed economy, the state and private enterprise running amicably in double harness.

Haldane had many friends and innumerable acquaintances at home and abroad, but his warmth of heart was fully known only to a small circle. We come nearest to him in the daily letters to his mother who lived to the age of one hundred and rejoiced in the achievements of her brilliant son. His breakaway in early life from the narrow creed of his Scottish ancestors had been a grief to his pious parents, but time healed the wound and their horizon widened as they came to realise his lofty idealism and his reverence for spiritual values. His sister Elizabeth, translator of Hegel and biographer of Descartes, was an ideal companion to an unmarried man; and his brother John, the Oxford Professor, helped him to penetrate the secrets of science in which he had always shown keen interest. Dying in 1928 at the age of seventy-two he could look back on a singularly fruitful career, in which the delights of study and public service outweighed private sorrows and the smart of misrepresentation. He was as happy and contented as he looked. As Matthew Arnold said of Goethe "he saw life steadily and saw it whole." G. P. GOOCH

ALAMEIN AND AFTER

History of the Second World War: The Mediterranean and the Middle East. Volume III. By I. S. O. Playfair with F. C. Flynn, C. J. Molony and T. P. Cleave. H.M.S.O. 50s.

"British fortunes reach their lowest ebb" is the appropriate sub-title of Volume III of the official campaign history of the war in *The Mediterranean and the Middle East*, by Major-General I. S. O. Playfair. The volume covers the year from September 1941 to September 1942, including the "Crusader" offensive when the newly formed Eighth Army drove the Axis forces to the Tripolitanian frontier, and General Rommel's counter-offensive which forced the Allies right back to Alamein. We are given a broad survey of events from an inter-service viewpoint and also from the enemy angle, based upon German and Italian documents. The result is a balanced and technical account of great interest to the layman as well as the service expert.

No doubt various factors contributed to the defeat. The British armoured forces were still handicapped by inadequate tank equipment. But there seems little doubt that the Higher Command must take a large share of responsibility

for the magnitude of the reverse. At a critical moment in the Crusader offensive, the Commander-in-Chief, Middle East, General Auchinleck had appointed General Ritchie, his Deputy C.G.S., to command the Eighth Army. The latter had no experience of exercising High Command, and had much less battle experience in the desert than his subordinate commanders. Furthermore he was never given complete confidence by General Auchinleck who frequently interfered with suggestions and back-seat driving. General Auchinleck was probably himself the best field commander available; and it would have been far better had he taken over direct command in May, as pressed to do so by Mr. Churchill, instead of waiting until the last desperate moment after the loss of Tobruk. He then successfully stabilized the front in the Alamein gap with both sides exhausted. General Rommel had exploited many Allied tactical errors, which had included far too much loosely controlled piece-meal fighting. In August, 1942, the Army came under the tight operational direction and control of General Montgomery who fully appreciated the importance of concentrating strength at the decisive point. The volume ends with his remarkable defeat of General Rommel's attack at Alam el Halfa and the recovery of morale and the Army's confidence in its commanders.

A. DE MONTMORENCY

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF ERNEST BEVIN

By Alan Bullock. Vol. 1. Heinemann. 50s.

Ernest Bevin, sometime dray-horse driver, was one of the greatest Foreign Secretaries this country has seen in the century, longer in tenure than Macmillan, more fortunate than Eden, less open to criticism than Grey, with a stronger hand on the reins of state than Austen Chamberlain. It is arguable that he blundered on both Palestine and China; but in both cases he was especially in the hands of his advisers. He was a man full of trades union prejudices about "damned aristocrats", which he took little trouble to conceal; but he was also a man of imagination in statesmanship—before the war thinking of a united Europe, along with Benes, and indeed of an economic integration (and this in 1926) including the whole Commonwealth. He left school at eleven; was educated in "the university of life"; and his career raises the fascinating question of the proper relation of education to politics and representative government.

The Master of St. Catherine's, Dr. Bullock, has confronted the same difficulty as Sir Anthony Eden's publishers. If the chronological order of a 'Life' is followed, then what is of the highest historical interest may have to be deferred to another volume. Hence this present book, almost as bulky as 'Ernie' himself, is chiefly about the Times of Ernest Bevin. However, the Labour Party in this country is undivorcably connected with the growth of the Trade Union movement. This, in turn, is nowhere better illustrated than by the story of the building of the Transport and General Workers Union, which is much the same thing, until 1939, as the story of Ernest Bevin. Here Dr. Bullock has performed a massive and permanent work, to be compared with the 'Life' by Francis Williams as a baron of beef is to an *hors d'oeuvre*. However, the preoccupation is not solely with industrial and economic affairs. For years Bevin worked to build up the *Daily Herald* and, as this reviewer knows, he was personally concerned at the Norwich T.U. Conference of 1937, as against the Left Book Club, to see something such as the Labour Book Club initiated.

There is, further, here described, the famous clash with George Lansbury for "the soul of the Party", which is so amazingly topical today. The protagonists however, have changed their roles. As then, so now, the leader of the greatest industrial Trade Union stands opposed to the leader of the political Party. But today it is Frank Cousins who vindicates the philosophy of Lansbury; and Hugh

Gaitskell that of Ernest Bevin. The still relevant declaration of Bevin rings today like the boom of a bell: "if this Movement is going to win this country . . . it has got to give confidence that it is capable of coming to a decision".

GEORGE CATLIN

THE LANGUAGE OF ART

Art and Illusion. By E. H. Gombrich. Maiden Press. 70s.

In the last chapter of Dr. Gombrich's compact and very able book *The Story of Art*, he suggested that "art has lost its bearings because artists have discovered that the simple demand that they should 'paint what they see' is self-contradictory." Aware that his assertion may have seemed "somewhat aphoristic and dogmatic", he decided to review and amplify it in both a historical context and in the light of current psychological ideas. *Art and Illusion* is the result of this long and careful reappraisal.

Among the 300 illustrations, pride of place is given to a colour print of John Constable's "Wivenhoe Park". It is in fact the starting and finishing point of the author's journey. On the following page, there are photographs of Wivenhoe Park taken from an identical viewpoint. The series of discussions opens with a comparison between the restricted range of the camera's resources and the limitations of the media at the artist's disposal. Confronted with the infinite variations of tone and colour in nature, a convincing illusion of reality depends on the artists' skill in creating a modified scale of right-seeming relationships in terms of paint. Since "all communications depend on the interplay between expectation and observation" the success of the illusion relies no less on the complementary capacity of the spectator to adjust his 'mental set' in order to make the inferences from the painter's image. In these days, when artist and spectator are apt to be painfully estranged from each other, Dr. Gombrich's sustained emphasis on the part played by the latter is uniquely interesting. He comments at length on our flexible aptitude for deducing from relationships, our ability to recognise "identities across the variations of difference" and "to make allowances for changed conditions", without which faculty, "art could not exist".

"Looking alone," however, "has never sufficed to teach the artist his trade." The artist's act of translation is impossible without a vocabulary. He is necessarily dependent on some precedent, some familiar datum which initially serves as an approximation and ultimately is capable of being adapted, modified and improved to fit the final form. "Every artist has to know and construct a schema before he can adjust it to the needs of portrayal." "Making", as Dr. Gombrich says briefly, "comes before matching." He examines the nature of the schemata apparent in Palaeolithic, Egyptian, Greek and Renaissance art, comments on those derived from accidental forms like Leonardo da Vinci's damp walls and Cozen's inkblots and devotes a whole chapter to those that have been invented and used for rendering facial expressions. The wide arc of the author's survey is a cumulative revelation that it is because "art operates with a structured style governed by technique and the schemata of tradition that representation could become the instrument not only of information but expression." In his final summary, he returns to Wivenhoe Park and Constable's views on art to confirm his conclusion that "this limitation is not a weakness but rather a source of strength for art." For "where everything is possible and nothing unexpected, communication will break down."

The impact of *Art and Illusion* is likely to be considerable. On the one hand, the "problems of convincing representation" have long been "orphaned and neglected" by writers on art; on the other, "never before has there been an age like ours when the visual image has been so cheap in every sense of the word." Dr. Gombrich's book may well have the influential effect of restoring "our sense of wonder at man's capacity to conjure up by forms, lines, shades or colours those mysterious phantoms of reality we call 'pictures'." F. W. WENTWORTH-SHEILDS

EDUCATING GERMANY

The Mind of Germany, the Education of a Nation. By Hans Kohn. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$5.95.

With his Central European background and his long and distinguished career in America, Professor Kohn is admirably qualified to enrich the enquiry into the enigma of the German mentality which has troubled and puzzled the western world ever since the rise of Bismarck. His new book is not only based on a wealth of erudite information, but has the "feel" of the atmosphere in Central Europe, as it traces the influence of the cultural leaders on the shaping of the political consciousness and attitudes in Germany. The evidence assembled is grim and shows that for more than a century before 1945 the leading writers, with some notable exceptions, preached anti-western, anti-liberal (and often anti-Semitic) ideas and stood for exaggerated national pride, self-righteousness and (after the defeat of 1918) self-pity. The most prominent exceptions were Goethe and Schiller and, in more recent times, poets like Rilke and Hofmannsthal and a few truly liberal scholars including Ernst Troeltsch and Friedrich Wilhelm Foerster.

In what is perhaps the most interesting chapter Professor Kohn points out that, the disingenuous or uncomprehending claims of the Nazis notwithstanding, even Friedrich Nietzsche, the sworn enemy of national mysticism and anti-Semitism, should be counted among the minority. Goethe himself complained that the Germans never understood him; Nietzsche's teaching certainly lent itself to misinterpretation, and later the small troop of moderates was heavily outnumbered and outweighed by the champions of national vaingloriousness, in whose ranks even the greatest contemporary German novelist, Thomas Mann, could be found. For the sake of historical justice Professor Kohn timely reminds his readers of Thomas Mann's *Reflections of a Non-political Man* (1917) which he calls, "the most brilliant and penetrating summation of anti-western and anti-liberal German nationalist sentiment written in the twentieth century."

Professor Kohn establishes that the impact of German political thought since the early 1800's was overwhelmingly in favour of extreme nationalism. Yet the question remains whether the picture is complete, since he almost entirely disregards the actual political conditions, and their bearings on the writers who influenced the German mind. To take only one example: he recognizes that the decisive turning-point came in 1866 when many liberal thinkers threw in their lot with Bismarck in spite of his anti-liberal record, because he had paved the way for the unification of Germany. This, no doubt, could be, and was, interpreted as a betrayal of genuine liberalism. But of the historical background which determined that "betrayal" Professor Kohn has very little to say. After the cruel disappointment of liberal hopes in 1848, it was something like an intoxicating miracle that a member of the "White International" as constituted by the Courts of St. Petersburg, Vienna, and Berlin took over, in defiance of powerful Conservative convictions, the task the Liberals had failed to accomplish. The unification of Germany without undue regard to legitimist susceptibilities was one of the twin aims of German Liberals. Bismarck most unexpectedly brought it about. No wonder, many were bewildered and felt they had to make amends, particularly when, a few years later, the franchise for the new Reichstag seemed to indicate that Bismarck even in domestic politics might be open to liberal ideas.

But the main point is that Professor Kohn's attempt to deal with political thought virtually divorced from political facts leaves the reader unprepared for the last chapter, when the author turns to topical questions and asserts that in the German Federal Republic of today the anti-western and anti-liberal tendencies have been overcome and that the Bonn Republic is, not only politically, but ideo-

logically "part and partner of the Western community" and "the first consolidated German democracy". His reasons are cogent: the international equilibrium has changed, Prussia and all she stood for has vanished, German reaction to the defeat in 1945 was different from that in 1918. Everyone in the West hopes and desires that this appreciation is right. But this would prove that changes in the political conditions and the international climate are of greater significance and more effectual even than a century of indoctrination by eminent writers and thinkers.

L. FURST

FRANCE'S NEW CONSTITUTION

The Fifth French Republic. By Dorothy Pickles. Methuen. 15s.

This volume is not a history but a critical description of France's new constitution and its working. Although written, it is not rigid. It is open, as have been previous Constitutions, to amendment and growth. The Constitution of 1875 was regarded as a preparation for the return of Monarchy. It founded the most durable of French Republics. It arranged for a strong Head of State. The majority of Presidents of the Third Republic were mediocre. They had the right to dissolve Parliament, but only one used it. Similarly the Constitution of 1946 excluded the use of *décrets-lois*; yet they proved the mainstay of the Fourth Republic. In its Preamble it proclaimed the right of free determination for its peoples and the right of overseas departments to transform themselves into *territoire associé*. That right was refused to Algeria. Its rapporteur affirmed that because of certain depositions France would enjoy ministerial stability. Yet there were 25 ministries in the Fourth Republic; two only lasted longer than one year. For national temperament and tradition mould even constitutions to a people's political habits. So France will shape the Debré-de Gaulle constitution. It is far more a constitution imposed by circumstances than an attempt to bridle parliamentary life.

Dorothy Pickles is needlessly harsh in describing Debré "a doctrinaire reformer and a frustrated pedagogue" and de Gaulle as "profoundly out of touch with both the theory and practice of parliamentary government". Which parliamentary government? And already events have overtaken her judgments. Of Soustelle she writes, "Since the formation of the first Government he has made only the most guarded and vague statements about integration". He has since been dismissed from government and party; while revision is already modifying the constitution. Mali and Madagascar both wish to remain within; while the Constitution states that on becoming independent, members have to withdraw from the Community.

The *Fifth French Republic* remains a careful and useful analysis of this further essay in constitution making. Her writing is clear and her references wide.

VICTOR COHEN

NOTICES

THE GREATEST PROBLEM (*Cassell*. 30s.) It is the menace of over-population, and the subject of the last and most important of these nine essays by F. L. Lucas—a sombre ending to a book in which cheerfulness, characteristically, is “always breaking in”. Thus the horrors of man’s multiplication—his only rival in mammals being the rat—or of scientific preoccupation with “test-tuberculosis” are tempered by the essayist’s joy in books, particularly the literature of Greek travel, or in defining happiness. **THE REBELS** (*Chatto and Windus*. 21s.). Brian Crozier’s study of post-war insurrections enquires into origins rather than effects, and describes techniques of rebellion and repression. The raw material is frustration, and whether the scene be Europe or Asia, Latin America or Africa, there are lessons to be learned from this illuminating survey that apply to pigheadedness in high places or low. **THE GREAT CONTEST** (*Oxford University Press*. 10s. 6d). Isaac Deutscher sees it as between Russia and the West. His Dafoe Foundation lectures, delivered in Canada, present Soviet foreign policy as a prolongation of domestic policy. He examines long-term aspirations and world fears, and uncovers the implications of peaceful co-existence and competition. His conclusion has sanity and logic: it is a plea, not over-simplified or sentimentalized, for a world community of peace.

DOCUMENTS ON INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS, 1957 (*Royal Institute of International Affairs: Oxford University Press*. 70s.). Selected, edited and introduced by Noble Frankland, assisted by Vera King, the hundreds of statements show the cold war to be in a rut, the arms race as a deadlock of unprofitable exchange, and the Middle East increasingly involved, although hazy on the nature of Arab unity.

SHAKESPEARE IN HIS TIME (*Nelson*. 21s.). Ivor Brown sees Elizabethan and Jacobean life in the round. The actor-manager was once a country-town schoolboy, a reluctant swot before he became a dramatist. London was savage and sprightly, appallingly cruel to man and

beast and “devoted to beauty in sound speech and spectacle.” Courts and vagabonds, explorers and patrons of the arts, soldiers and shopkeepers, rivers and roads, food and cures, literature and politics were all part of history. The dozens of illustrations vividly complement this expert etching of the social landscape.

SHAKESPEARE AND THE ROSE OF LOVE (*Chatto and Windus*. 18s.). John Vyvyan takes a further rewarding step in criticism with his study of the early plays in relation to the medieval philosophy of love.

THE MINACK THEATRE (*George Ronald*. 21s.). Denys Val Baker, aided by some excellent photographs, guides his readers backstage at Land’s End. He tells of the theatre’s beginnings, and of its 40 productions since 1932. “Ephemeral beauty, poetry and magic” are forever associated with plays in the open air, whether they be at Pendley in Hertfordshire, Epidauros or Athens, Regent’s Park, or on a cliff top in Cornwall.

THE AMERICAN IMAGINATION (*Cassell*. 25s.). This collection of critical essays was first published in a special number of *The Times Literary Supplement* in November 1959. Alan Pryce-Jones’ Foreword sets out the paradox that “the true genius of America has only come to fruition since the age of large-scale immigration.” The vitality and variety are incontestable; and these anonymous authors embrace the range from art to advertising, from musicals to connoisseurship, from the community of the campus to the small screen, from Hollywood to religious enthusiasm.

INSTRUCTIONS TO YOUNG ARTISTS by John Mills and **INSTRUCTIONS TO YOUNG BOTANISTS** by C. L. Duddington (*Museum Press*. 12s. 6d each) are two books perfectly named for the clear uncondescending advice they impart. Both are copiously and well illustrated, but with no detriment to the text. Whether they treat of perspectives or willow catkin, of pastels or buttercup root, their information could be a boon to the willing beginner of any age. GRACE BANYARD